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Week of March 15, 1942



HENRY
CLIVE

Maid in America

by Henry Clive — Verses by Phyllis McGinley

A toast to the Nineties, both dashing and pure!
When men were mustached and the ladies demure,
When Lillian Russell
Was belle of the day,
And a lass in a bustle
Was dressed for croquet;
When bicyclers ventured on tremulous wheel,
And smoking was scarcely considered "genteel."

Then girls on verandas when evenings were fine
In slow-swinging hammocks would often recline
And bend their heads sweetly
Toward Harry or Hugh
While Mammies discreetly
To parlors withdrew;
Till presently Hugh went to interview Popper,
For the Nineties were gay. But they also were proper.

No. 8—

The Gay Nineties
Girl



Fifteen Hundred Years Ago the Spartans Attacked Their Enemies With "Poison Gas" by Lighting Gas Bonfires of Sulphur and Pitch.

How Modern War Streamlines Old Tricks

WE ASSOCIATE with modern wars the dropping of propaganda leaflets, poison gas bombs, magnetic mines, submarines, and the like.

But all these things are much older than we imagine. In the Peloponnesian War, between the independent states of Greece, gas attacks were used. In 431 B. C. the Spartans attempted to capture the cities of Balaia and Plata by burning sulphur and pitch. Marco Polo refers to the Karasans, a Persian tribe, who applied a cloud of gas to warfare. The Crusaders met burning pitch and its nauseating stench in their attempts to take Palestine.

British airmen distributed 25,000 messages over the German lines in October, 1914. It was old stuff even then, for during the Napoleonic wars Lord Cochrane had pamphlets dropped from kites towed by the brig Pallas along the French coast.

Air raids and blackouts are not inventions of modern warfare as is generally believed. Civilians were bombed by airplanes during the Mexican Revolution in 1912, and there is a proclamation in the Public Record Office in Dublin, Ireland, dated 1641, which states that: "Lights in or out of ye Lanthorns shall not be hung in the fortresses or towns of Charlemont from the doors or windows in ye Dark, from the hour of sundown from ye 14th September, to prevent disorders and mischief."

Incendiary bombs were invented 600 years ago in the so-called "stinkpots" of the Chinese. This vile invention, consisting of an earthen pot with a heavy cover, contains a mixture of something like the ancient "Greek fire" and emits a pungent, sulphurous odor. When smashed, the contents bubbled out, searing flesh and setting fire to woodwork, while sufficing every one within range. These weapons are still carried at the mantheads of pirate and war junks, ready at a moment's notice to be dropped upon an enemy's deck.

Contrary to popular belief, trench warfare did not originate during the first World War, but was actually employed by Romans and Britons from 55 B. C. until the 15th century, when forts came into favor.

Robert E. Lee used trenches during the Civil War, at Petersburg, Virginia—with first, second and third lines of defense, communication, and supply lines, trench mortar emplacements, and zig-zag lines to prevent enfilading fire. French and British military experts went to Petersburg during the early days of World War I to study these trench entrenchments which were later used on a large scale.

You're wrong, too, if you think the first great walls like the Maginot and Siegfried lines were built after the first World War. The ancient Celts used a similar construction some 1800 years ago. One of the forts in Carlow, Ireland, contains a well-preserved, walled shelter, the banks of which are supported by heavy posts of the Roman type. In those days such a defense system would have been very difficult to pass. A similar construction is to be found near the first, this one more than 20 feet high from the bottom of the ditch to the bank. It is supposed to have been used as a corral for raided cattle.

Many persons erroneously believe that the submarine was developed during, or shortly before, the last war. Actually the first submarine was constructed during 1620, when James I. was king of England. The inventor and maker was a Dutchman named van Drebel. His submarine was tested on the Thames River by King James, who found that it was able to stay under water for several hours at a depth of 15 feet. The main difficulty with this early submarine was that a dozen oarsmen had to propel it.

The people who think that the balloon barrage over London is quite new are wrong for London had a similar barrage in 1817-18. Then it was known as the "balloon army" and consisted of a series of horizontal wires attached to the mooring cables of kite balloons flying at heights from 8,000 to 12,000 feet. The Italians thought up the idea of a balloon barrage and introduced it in the last war as part of the air defense of Venice.

As for sea mines, in the Diary of Samuel Pepys, "First Lord Admiral of the British Navy, in this passage: 'Friday, March 14, 1662, Hove for dinner. In the afternoon came the German, Dr. Knuffler, to discourse with us about his engine to blow up ships. We doubted not the matter of fact, it being tried in Cromwell's time, but the safety of carrying them in ships; but he do tell us, that when he comes to tell the King his secret, for none but the Kings, successively, and their heirs must know it. It will appear to be no danger at all. We concluded nothing; but shall discourse with the Duke of York tomorrow about it.'"

Thanks had their origin in the scythed chariots of the ancients. In 510 B. C. the Chinese used armored chariots in the war between the states of Sung and Chu. Leonardo da Vinci improved upon the original and made sketches of a covered chariot in 1482, and Voltaire suggested a similar machine of war to the King of France. Armored wagons embodying the tank principle were manned by the British colonial forces during the War of the Revolution, but the present-day mechanized tank evolved from a patent for a locomotive land battery granted to one James Cowen back in 1855.

Helped Thousands Find Happiness—While He Got Into Trouble

THE RECENT DEATH of radio's well-known "Voice of Experience"—the man who solved the personal problems of thousands of people—has brought to light the fact that he knew the answers to everybody's marital problems but his own.

Despite his seemingly inexhaustible fund of ready solutions to the love mixups of others, the famous radio oracle apparently had few for the perplexities of his own life that was marked by two divorces, three marriages, and a score of other knotty problems.

To the millions who listened to his advice on the air, and to the some 30,000 who weekly wrote to him for guidance, the identity of the "Voice" was a mystery—for 55-year-old Marion Bayle Taylor, as he was known in real life, had what almost bordered on a passion for anonymity. Taylor even went so far as to stencil his belongings and to sign letters with the initials V. O. E. Business associates even referred to him as The Voice. But the location of his home and his office he always kept a deep secret.

His intense desire to remain anonymous had always been explained as his way of protecting himself from the thousands who would have sought him out personally if they had known where to find him. Also, it was said, he wished to keep his benefactions a secret.

But now that a sudden heart attack in Hollywood has written the end to his amazing career, and torn away the veil of his private life, his motives for anonymity seem to have found their springs in a desire to keep from the world the story of his own life of mixups.

One of the most revealing insights into the private life of the wealthy radio adviser was made by his second wife, Jessie W. Taylor, who in a suit in 1941 clarified her marital status, charged that The Voice had tricked her into a quiet Mexican divorce for the sole purpose of marrying a third wife.

The story, as told by the second Mrs. Taylor, was that she married Taylor June 4, 1929, and that for four years they lived happily while he gradually worked himself up to be one of the top personalities on the air.

In 1935, when everything seemed brightest, she said that Taylor came to her with the news that his first wife, Pauline, had died. Taylor said that she was shocked to the ground that Jessie had, through alienations of affections, brought about the first divorce.

In Hollywood Superior Court, the second Mrs. Taylor charged that The Voice said that a suit would endanger his lucrative radio contracts, and that the only way out would be to go through a quiet Mexican divorce. This, he allegedly told her, would also allow him to reveal himself to the public as a single man and "thus enhance his value as a lecturer on problems of love, marriage, and related subjects."

On Taylor's promise that they would re-marry three months later, Jessie said, she obtained a divorce at Juarez, for which Taylor paid. She alleged she had no cause nor desire for divorce except the representation that such a course was necessary to save her husband "from personal harm and professional ruin."

James the patient's RURAL doctors, living far from metropolitan clinics and big medical schools, can now keep up with the latest studies of heart disease in the comfort of their own homes—by tuning on the phonograph.

Sitting in an easy chair as the machine plays, a physician can listen to records of all types of normal and abnormal heart beats. By hearing a disc over and over, he can quickly learn to recognize how the various heart conditions sound, and so diagnose ailments which ordinarily might baffle him.

The records are so pitched that the physician can put on his stethoscope and through it hear the heart beats just as though he was listening right against the patient's chest.

The doctor merely has to sit about 10 feet from the phonograph, point the end of his stethoscope towards the instrument and listen to the beats and the accompanying explanation of what heart ailment they indicate.

The records were made by taking heart-disease sufferers to sound studios where microphones were placed over their hearts so the doctor could learn how their organs sound when the ill person was holding his breath, sitting up, lying down, or had just exercised.

Three months after obtaining her decree in December 1935, Jessie reminded Taylor of his promise, to which he replied that he intended to comply but was unable to do so immediately. She repeated those plans, so she said, but he never seemed to get around to re-marrying her. And in May, 1940, she related, she discovered the reason: Taylor had taken a third wife, Mildred.

If ever Taylor needed a Voice of Experience to tell him what to do, it was then—for Jessie let him have it with both legal barrels. Not only did she ask that the Mexican divorce be declared null and void, but also that the defendant be enjoined from selling or transferring any assets, and that he kick through with the property and separation settlement that had been made the previous Fall.

Jessie charged that in November, 1935, Taylor had agreed to pay her 15 per cent of his annual income under \$150,000 and 20 per cent of all income over \$150,000 for the rest of her life or until she re-married, in any event a minimum of \$800 a month.

Although he gave every sign of fighting it out in court, Taylor finally settled up—apparently driven by that old motive for anonymity—and a desire not to show that even the Voice of Experience had some tough ones of his own.

During the 10 or more years that Taylor doled out advice on domestic problems, ranging from burned roasts to bigamy, he received over 6,000,000 letters from faithful radio listeners.

His network salary of \$2,000 a week was augmented by lectures, sales of his books and pamphlets. His written subjects covered inferiority complexes, pessimism, marriage, divorce, alcoholism, insomnia, the eternal triangle, and the pampered child—all of which indicated that he was slumped by a few human problems.

Despite his own unfortunate private affairs, there is no doubt that thousands were indebted to Taylor for ironing out their troubles.

The disconsolate, the betrayed, the disillusioned, the weary, and those who gave up all hope of another happy moment all came to him for counsel—and Taylor set up a charitable fund for worthy causes and in one year spent more than \$50,000 in their behalf. He personally supervised operations for deformed babies and spectacles for near-sighted children. He sent boys and girls through college without revealing to them the source of their scholarships.

Quite aside from his marital mixups, Taylor's entire life seemed to be a succession of problems. The son of a Baptist preacher, he became a child prodigy in music, and eventually studied surgery. But a traffic accident, which left his hands maimed, the proper co-ordination of muscles and nerves, ended all his dreams of becoming either a musician or doctor. And there were others.

On Taylor's lecture on psychology and child delinquency, Taylor turned to radio as the "Voice of Experience."

Perhaps the saddest commentary on Taylor's life is that the Voice of Experience was apparently just as befuddled as the bewildered millions who sought his advice.



The Man Who Couldn't Solve His Own Problems Provided Operations for Deformed Children and Set Up a Charitable Fund From Which He Gave Away \$50,000 in One Year.



In Most Japanese Homes a Wife Is Looked Down Upon by All Her Husband's Relatives and Is Usually Called "Hana—Yome," Meaning "the Adopted One."

Where Women Never Get Out of The Doghouse

AMERICAN sweethearts better make certain that their boy friends don't come back from Tokyo with a lot of cockeyed ideas about women. The Japs seem to think women's place is in the doghouse. This makes it clear of course that men think only of their own selfish pleasures, but it makes women's lot a hard one. This lot is not made any easier just because she can share it with her husband, with several of his concubines living in the same house with her, and each of whom probably enjoys more favor than the lawful wife.

Although missionaries and a few Jap leaders have tried to better the lot of the gentler sex, especially wives, not much has been accomplished. The old quasi-religious traditions, which the Jap men like to keep going in order to preserve their liberties and selfish ease, still persist and the women of Nippon truly lead a dog's life in more ways than one.

Many of the young girls are said to become wives, and have nothing to say about it. But they might as well not complain, for they are lucky not to be sold for less moral purposes by their father, or by an older brother. When a Jap family needs some extra money to buy sake, or rice-whisky, the head of the house looks over the daughters as if he were a farmer sifting-up his cattle, decides which one would be best to sell, and hunts up a buyer who, if he likes the girl's looks will take her off her father's hands for a fair price.

And, if a man is too poor to afford even a fraction of the 80 concubines that Prince to had (and which the government still likes to deny) he can at least get a few hours' entertainment from a man thinking only he been sold to gals by her father. All he needs is a few yen in cash, and the yen to indulge himself. The yen in cash may not be on hand when the other yen strikes him, but that is no handicap at all in a land where women are treated as animals, and animals are looked upon as reincarnations of people.

The Japs can't understand why other races are not equally "practical." The thought of a man being faithful and true to his wife still strikes the little brown man as a queer notion of those unlighted white folks across the ocean.

A middle-aged tourist and his wife learned from first-hand experience about other ways in which the Japs mean women. One day they were in a crowded trolley car in Tokyo. A young Jap got up to offer his seat. When the tired woman started to sit down, her smile of acceptance changed to bewilderment when the Jap excitedly pushed her away. She did not realize that the seat was intended for her husband, the older man. Japs do not offer seats to ladies, no matter how tired they are. Women have to take a back seat. This idea of ladies first is another undesirable notion of the white folks. It is men first, last and always. The women are not even last—they are just ignored.

The affectionate term used by the Jap husband in referring to his wife is to call her "the foolish person who sits in the inner room."

The Jap's wife is also looked down upon by all her husband's relatives. As Lafcadio Hearn, the distinguished student of their customs described it, the best that can be said is that they look upon her as a girl who has been adopted to get work done cheaply. Hana-yome, or adopted one, they call her.

When a bride leaves her own family to join the husband to whom she has been sold, her family have special services for her—funeral services in which they solemnly sweep out the rooms and light her death candles at the gate. When she is married, her own family looks upon her as being dead, and she might almost as well be. She is just another head of stock to her lord and master.

The Jap women are divorced as easily as they are wed. They can be divorced on the slightest pretext, and with the greatest of ease. A missionary had once seen take place with a man he was trying to civilize. The reverend's milkman one morning returned his wife to her parents, with no other reason for so abruptly divorcing her than that he disliked her mother. It seemed that the wife's mother was yaka-machi, the milkman said, meaning that she talked too much. So they keep the mother-in-law in the doghouse, too, in the land of the so-called Rising Sun.

The Jap women have for centuries had a proverb of their own which sums up their position. "A woman can have no house of her own in the Three Universes." No house of her own, except the doghouse.

Since the little yellow men have nothing to lose by marriage, and can get out of it by a flick of the finger, Americans wonder what perverted streak in their nature makes them grin and utter this proverb: "While you get even the pints of rice-by left and right, and become a sun-in-noon." Perhaps this is for the reason pointed out by anthropologists that it may be as easy for a Jap man to become as fond of another man as he does of a woman.

At any event, real love is something that almost never casts its shadow over the door of the doghouse in which the Jap keeps his women.

Using Phonograph Records to Study Sick Hearts



Doctors Far From City Clinics Can Now Listen to All Kinds of Ailing Hearts.

Under the direction of Dr. George D. Cocke, Associate Professor of Medicine at Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia, the heart beats of approximately 10 patients were recorded by sound engineers, capable of distinguishing the fine tonal gradations. Hundreds of discs had to be recorded before the sounds were just right for doctors to study.

The heart-beat records were designed primarily for the physician who has been practicing for a number of years, and needs a "refresher" course, but they are also proving of great value to student doctors. Medical experts believe that the records will also help rural draft board examiners who have suddenly found themselves responsible for hundreds of accurate heart examinations.

These records give physicians an opportunity to hear various heart beats—types that they might not ordinarily come across in their regular practice. In experimental class-room study, these records have been played before as many as 300 people at a time, in whom said that they could clearly hear the various heart sounds and murmurs through their individual stethoscopes.

All-Out Strategy of the Struggling Stamms



Opening the Door to His Wife's \$16,000 Worth of Purchases, Mr. Stamm Did Not Faint, as Some Husbands Might Have Done; Nor Did He Realize, He Said, That They Were the First Step in Her Strategic Retreat.

His Wife Strafing Him, the Wealthy Broker Told the Court, With a \$16,000 Shopping Spree and Employed the Scorched Earth Policy in Cleaning Out Their Two Apartments, But She Said It Was He Who Turned Their Bliss Into a Blitz

THE "scorched earth policy" is by this time a familiar tactic in wars between nations. Now it may become equally familiar in wars between husbands and wives—thanks to a recent separation suit.

For, according to the charges of Alfred L. Stamm, wealthy New York stockbroker, his ex-show girl wife, in retreating from her home last Summer did not leave enough on the premises to keep even the nice alive.

Mrs. Stamm is the lady who, back in 1931, wandered into the Radio-Electrical World's Fair just as a casual visitor and so impressed the exhibitors with her suburn hair and striking hazel eyes that they elected her "Miss Television" on the spot.

Television in those days, of course, was hiding around the corner, along with prosperity. So, as its personification, the beautiful Eugenie Stamm, then operating under her maiden name of Salmon, was some years ahead of everybody else. Like Flash Gordon, of the adventure strip, she may have grown used to living in the future; and, if so, this would explain her recent farightedness in clearing the decks before the legal shooting between herself and her husband had begun.

In any case, the latter, in combating her suit for a separation, \$1,000 a week alimony and \$25,000 counsel fees, attributed a lot of vision to her, if not television.

The Stamms, being millionaires, were not content with just one lavish New York apartment. They had a couple of them. And this abundance naturally complicated the problem of Mrs. Stamm's tactical retreat, putting it in a class with that of the Russians in evacuating Ukraine.

In her husband's opinion, she attacked it with the same thoroughness and dispatch they showed. Indeed, she did even better. What the Russians could not take with them they destroyed. Dispatches from the Stamm legal front said nothing of her having to destroy anything; her husband's communications stated that she took it all with her.

"My wife," Mr. Stamm asserted, "was feathering her nest on the eve of leaving me."

"Throughout the month of August, 1941, she was busy in our apartment at the Eldorado... preparing to leave. She had the carpets taken up, cleaned and packed. On August 30, 1941, a Saturday, she had all the furniture and carpets sent to the same warehouse. She even had the moving men chisel the wooden hand-carved mantelpiece off the wall.

"Her attention was also directed to our rooms in the Carlyle. She stripped them of every belonging we had there except my wearing apparel, taking not only radios and kitchen equipment but even suitcases, and on August 30 sent all this to the same warehouse.

"She went further. Not only her used clothes but also her newly acquired clothes were taken from the Eldorado and the Carlyle and shipped to several places. Some she shipped to her brother's home in Detroit, some to Alpena, and the balance to the warehouse. Everything was stored in her name."

Nor was Mrs. Stamm's ingenuity in adapting the scorched earth, or leave 'em nothing, policy to the home front confined, her husband testified, merely to the worldly goods he actually had. Perhaps, with the aid of that futuristic television of hers, she was also able to apply it to some he didn't have.

This incredible feat, he said, was accomplished by means of a shopping tour—but such a shopping tour! Awe and envy were written on the faces of the ladies in the courtroom audience as he described it.

For here they beheld the most popular of



Alfred L. Stamm, the Wealthy Broker, Who Testified That He Once Became An "Angel" To Get His Wife a Job.

all feminine dreams—that of running hog-wild in a department store—expressed not in the fading colors of fancy but in realistic dollars and cents terms, all itemized and added up.

"In July and August, 1941," said Mr. Stamm, "my wife drew \$475 in cash from the Carlyle alone, which sum, of course, was charged to my bill. But this was only 'small change.'"

"Though she already had six fur coats—one ermine, two mink, one silver fox, one cross fox, one lamb, various fur pieces and fur-trimmed coats, she nevertheless, during those two months, bought three more fur coats—one opossum, one white caracul, one white fox; also one fur-trimmed coat, not to mention thirteen other coats, costing in the aggregate, \$5,170.

"Among other items, she bought the following:

66 pieces of lingerie.....	\$1,856
16 suits.....	1,265
72 blouses and sport shirts.....	871
Cosmetics.....	653
47 pairs of shoes.....	592

"Some of the other items she purchased," he went on, "were 14 hats, 19 play-suits, 22 sweaters, 24 girdles and corsets, 28 pairs of gloves, 55 brassieres and 256 pairs of silk stockings. The total of the purchases described above and others too numerous to bill is the staggering one of \$16,762."

With delivery boys ringing the bell all day long and parcels piling up everywhere but in the bathroom, one might suppose that Mr. Stamm would have grown suspicious. Though, of course, he may not have realized that the articles were—as they say of drugstore lunches—being put up to take out. In fact, they may have suggested to him that his wife was getting ready to hole up right where she was for a long stay.

At any rate, he lays his own shortightedness to the fact that he was away much of the time and that, in borrowing still another leaf from the book of all-out modern strife,



Mrs. Eugenie Stamm, Who Was Years Ahead of the Times When She Was "Miss Television" and, Her Husband Charged, Months Ahead of Him When She Cleaned Out Their Home.

Among Those Deeply Affected by the Stamm Suit Were Fashionable New York Courtiers and Mrs. Stamm's Mother, Shown Here Being Comforted by Her Daughter.

Eugenie gave him no advance warning of her intentions. Not until after the blitz, he declares, did she make a declaration of war. Then he quotes her as saying, right out of what had seemed a clear sky: "I am through with you."

These fatal words were spoken in September, 1941 in Alpena, Mich., where the couple had still another home, a rustic abode near the Summer estate of Eugenie's parents.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the astonished husband.

And he says she replied: "You go back to New York. You'll find out"—referring, he now thinks, to the striped apartments and the bills.

But he stayed overnight, he told the court. "In an effort to find out what it was all about," Eugenie stuck to her guns, modifying her original statement—which, in effect, amounted to a cryptic "Scram, Stamm"—only to the extent of adding:

"If my parents insist on my going back with you, I am going to show you how to spend money. I will spend so much you will be pleading for a divorce."

If she actually made such a remark, it must be that she considered her sixteen thousand-dollar buying spree a mere bagatelle. One can't help wondering what sort of a score she could make if she really put her mind to it; at least, a lot of fashionable New York courtiers must be wondering that, as well as bitterly regretting that her parents did not advise her to go back to Mr. Stamm.

Eugenie, for her part, attributes her husband's complacent attitude, not to his ignorance of what was brewing, but to complicity. Her department store debauch, she says, was his idea, not hers, the loot being accumulated on his recommendation to stock up because of impending shortages, taxes and priorities.

As he was a financial genius, who knows all about such things, it did not even occur to her to question his judgment, she says. Keeping a stiff upper lip, she just went forth and obeyed.

And she has a simple explanation of the furniture removal, too, asserting that, far from being part of a strategic retreat, it was just the essential preliminary to their plan to change residences in the Fall.

And, as further proof that she had no ulterior motive, she pointed out that she had placed the so-called "loot" in a public warehouse to which her husband could have had access if he'd wanted it.

Her communications say that the war came about as the result of unprovoked aggression on Mr. Stamm's part. Married in 1934, when she was 24, he 49, they went off on a \$25,000 round-the-world honeymoon and afterwards settled down to a life of cozy domesticity, costing, she estimates, \$120,000 a year. Two children, both boys, blessed their union and then all at once bliss changed to blitz.

Alfred, she says, became "harsh, domineering, inflexible and arrogant." He would sit at the table with the children with a long stick in front of him so that he could strafe them in the event they behaved like children and not like the automatons which he insisted they be.

Unable to endure his meal-time tirades, she testified, she would go to the bathroom and cry "until I had no more tears to shed." A nervous breakdown followed and then an incident which, she says, made continuance of married life out of the question.

It began as an argument over a department store bill, not one of those big ones he had itemized for the court, but, curiously enough, for the trifling sum of \$12. "He grew more and more violent until I was beside myself with fear. His eyes glared incredible hate. He began to say over and

over again, as though hypnotized by the sound of his own words, 'I ought to kill you. I ought to kill you. I'll throw you out of the window.'"

A day or so later, Eugenie says, she left New York for Alpena, "where I felt I would be safe with my parents and children from physical violence."

But her husband testified that she had become a nervous wreck not through any fault of his but solely because of her determined efforts to streamline herself with a view to going back into show business.

"She took thyroid extracts and body massages and dieted to excess in order to reduce. That is what caused her hysteria."

In this connection, he mentioned that before their marriage she had been both "Miss Television" and also an Earl Carroll show girl, and that he had been so deeply in love with her that he had helped angel the musical comedy "Ballyhoo" just so she could get a \$40 a week part in it.

Angels, of course, have wings, and wings have feathers.

Perhaps if Mr. Stamm had not yielded to his original impulse to grow angelic wings, he would not now be in the position of charging his wife with trying to feather her nest at his expense. For there might have been a shortage of feathers, along with all those other shortages she says he warned her against.



"Fussed by the Censor"—the Most Popular Tattoo Design of the Moment.

TATTOOED LADIES REFORMED



Another Officially Acceptable Design, Employing Patriotic Symbols, With an Anchor Thrown In.

"Those Airy Tattooed Girls—Dress 'em Up," Says Uncle Sam



REFORMS OF A TATTOOED LADY
The Bold and Chilly Girl of a Sailor's Dreams, as She Used to Be. Here She's Dressed in Nautical Garb, to Meet Official Inspection. Here's How the Soldiers Like Her, With South Sea Trimmings.

THE Army and Navy prefer men without women.

And this goes not only for wives and other flesh and blood dependents but also for those scantily-clad females that are tattooed on so many masculine chests, not to mention their places.

However, it appears that a pictorial lady can still join whichever branch of the service her waver chooses so long as she does not display her charms too flagrantly.

This ruling, which became known a little while ago, has caused one of the biggest booms the tattoo trade has known in years. From far and wide, eligible young men are flocking to their favorite needlers with demands for daggers, skirts, brasseries, fans, bubbles, flowers, butterflies or almost anything that will cover up a bare spot.

As nearly all tattoo parlors are located for some reason in the mid-quarters of barber-shops, these varied requests, which you might expect to hear in a department store or botanical garden, may sound rather odd to men getting haircuts.

But the tattooers themselves remain calm and happy. They are a sentimental breed, anyhow—dealing as they do largely in hearts and flowers—and to have so many old acquaintances suddenly renewed brings tears to their eyes as well as folding money into their pocketbooks.

"Why," exclaimed Charlie (Pop) Wagner, who is reckoned the dean of American tattooers and practices his art under a tenacious parlor on New York's famed Bowery, "it's been just like old-home week around here—ever since Pearl Harbor."

"Can you imagine," he added, "how a store clerk would feel in a town where everybody's clothes were out at the same time? That's how I've been feeling. For going on fifty years I've been turning out tattooed ladies, most of them mother naked, and now all I do is cover them up."

Here's how the conversation goes nowadays in the Wagner atelier:

A well set up young man comes in and says: "Hi, Pop?"

Joe—Well, if ain't Joe! How are you, Joe—and how's the little lady?

Joe—To tell you the honest truth, Pop, that's the reason I come around to see you.

Pop—Why, what's the matter, Joe? Ain't she been behaving herself lately?

Joe—She's been doing all right, keeping under wraps most of the time. But I'm trying to get in the Navy now and she's got a habit of popping out at night.

Pop—You want to put a nightgown on her, maybe?

Joe—Something like that.

Pop—Just which one of the little ladies is she, Joe?



This Signifies a Free-Boating Heart and a Nasty Disposition, Neither of Which Comes Under Military Regulations.

Here, Joe rolls up his sleeve and exposes his manly forearm.

Pop—Uh-ho! I'd clean forgot you had the upside down little lady, Joe. Nightgown won't do her no good, I'm afraid. Flowers is the only thing.

Joe (deftly)—Flowers?

Pop—Yeah, well just another her in flowers. Sit down, Joe, and I'll show you.

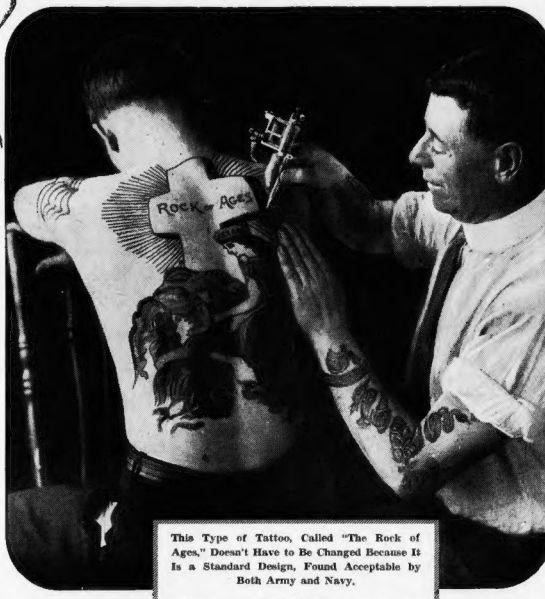
And, whipping out the remarkable electric needle he invented back in 1904, Pop soon turns the lady (who, when held one way, is decorous to the point of prudishness; the other, the opposite) into a regular garden of roses.

Other popular numbers that only a blanket of flowers, or a blackout, will raise to military standards are: mermaids, in various poses, all coy; pirate lassies, straight from a Greenwich Village floorshow; hula dancers, complete with tropical vegetation; the girl in the wine glass; and one which might be called: "Fresh from the bath but still dirty."

It is possible to remove a tattooed design, instead of covering it up, but the process is not recommended by the medical profession because it frequently results in infection. In other words, once you start getting tattooed, you just sink deeper and deeper into it, until, in the end, comes an offer from the circus.

As for the possible methods of dressing up, the best, in Pop's opinion, is the floral nose.

Needed Ladies, Lacking Clothes, May Lend a Tang to Gentlemen in Civilian Life, But Those Going Into the Army or Navy Must Now Outfit Them in Inky Lingerie, or Cover 'Em With Colorful Bouquets, Skirts and Butterflies



This Type of Tattoo, Called "The Rock of Ages," Doesn't Have to Be Changed Because It Is a Standard Design, Found Acceptable by Both Army and Navy.

gray—even though you may not want full coverage. Pop has a real feeling for flowers. "They're cheerful," he says. "I like them around the torso, too."

However, if urged, he will dash off a brasserie and a skirt.

Fan and bubble dancing have also been drawn on, the idea being, apparently, that if a bubble can do the trick on the stage, why not in the Navy?

Though alterations in design have not previously been demanded on such a wholesale scale, they are not a new thing in the tattooing profession. Man's and woman's notorious fickleness has been the factor chiefly responsible in the past.

Thus, a youth with his head in the clouds, came striding in to Pop's a few years ago, ripped off his tie and pointing to the spot beneath which his own heart was pounding away cried:

"I want a heart right there with Lucy's name written across it."

Six months later he was back again, this time without the clouds.

"Remember that heart you put on my chest?" he asked. "Well, I want the name taken out and a toad put over it."

"A toad?"

"Yeah, one of those little animals. I want the toad put right over it."

"A toad?"

"Yeah, one of those little animals. I want the toad right over the heart and the name Lucy in the toad."

But this was an extravagant case. Usually, all that is required is a simple change from "Love and kisses to D. V." to "Love and kisses to R. H."

Another, not uncommon cause for alteration was exemplified in the case of a sea captain who settled down to marital bliss late in life. Unfortunately, he had been a gay spark in his time, and vanity had led him to have the names of his conquests tattooed nostalgically on various parts of his epidermis.

From time to time his wife would stumble

onto one of these all too permanent reminiscences. She never objected to such plain names as Mary and Jane, but a Beinda, a Rosemary or something like that would put her back up.

So, much as it pained him, the unfortunate seaman had to have a tattooer remove all the fancier appellations.

In the U. S. Army, immodest personal decorating is not referred to in any specific regulation but seems to be pretty well covered in a clause providing punishment for "all conduct of a nature to bring discredit upon the military service."

The Navy turns the matter over to its medical department, whose official manual states flatly that: "a cause for rejection is obscene, offensive or indecent tattooing."

This bald statement is elaborated in a book called "The Fleet Today," published by Kendall Banning, with the cooperation of Navy officials.

"Tattooed female nudes are out," it says; "displays of bathing beauties undressed must be furnished with swim suits or at least flowing trusses must be discreetly draped about their persons in order to bring them within the classification of 'all nudes fit to print.'"

"The gay blade who has a pair of twin-propellers tattooed on that part of his anatomy which, if he were a ship, would be designated as the stern, may have difficulty in selling the Navy officials on his particular brand of humor."

At the same time, tattooing in general is not a total military loss. The more restrained types have their definite uses. For example, the War and Navy Departments in Washington keep careful record of all tattoo marks on the bodies of enlisted men. This is done on the ground that they lend important help in the business of identification, especially in cases of desertion.

In the identification division of the Navy, every man in the service is represented by a



A Couple of Ways to Clean Up a Queen: (1) The Lady, As Was; (2) The Same, Gone Indian for the Duration; (3) and Finally, With Hearts and Flowers and a Name.

card on which is printed a sort of anatomical diagram, showing front view and back view of a nude human being. The cards are marked to indicate birthmarks, scars, tattooing and anything else that might serve as identification.

Science has recently discovered a similar virtue in the humble tattoo. This is to brand persons suffering from diabetes, epilepsy and serum sensitivity, as well as those of rare blood types, so that, if they should happen to be in an accident, the attending doctor would have a clue as to the proper treatment.

Finally, it might be said, that current events always profoundly affect tattoo trends, not only in the negative sense of clothing the unclothed, but also in very positive ones. Lindbergh's feat of flying the Atlantic, President Roosevelt's winning a third term, were both memorialized on many an epidermis.

And now, appropriately enough, the favorite emblems are: "Remember Pearl Harbor" and a dagger, signifying the treacherous Japanese stab in the back.

Swastikas, which used to be popular as good lucks symbols, are as definitely out as the upside-down lady.

When the 200-Inch Astronomical Eye Was Designed for Mt. Palomar, Scientists Counted on Reaching Out 250,000,000 Light Years, But Those Sudden Advances in Photography and Lens Coatings Make It Possible to Surpass Their Fondest Dreams by a Full Hundred Per Cent

By MAGNER WHITE

IT IS costing approximately \$6,000,000 to build the world's greatest telescope, with a 200-inch eye (or mirror) on Mount Palomar, San Diego County, Calif.

Now, with this great expenditure nearly all made, it is found that recent inexpensive advances in photographic methods and treatment of lenses and prisms will almost double the efficiency of this Giant of the Skies in some fields of research.

The great mirror-eye will capture about 1,000,000 times more light than the human eye, and for spectrographic work it's light, due to these inexpensive advances, can be used much more efficiently than was previously possible.

The improvements consist of metallic films only one millionth of an inch thick placed on the lenses and prisms; and, also, new, fast, red-sensitive photographic plates. What the big telescope will be able to do with these simple additions already has been indicated with the 100-inch reflector at Mount Wilson Observatory, near Pasadena.

Using the new fast red-sensitive photographic plates, Dr. Walter Baade, of Mount Wilson Observatory, recently obtained for the first time a picture showing the great concentration of faint stars near the center of the galaxy—or "universe"—of which the planetary system which includes our world is part.

On this photograph, shown on this page, are stars never before photographed in such detail—apparently tens of thousands of them. One can imagine what's going to happen when the 200-inch, twice-as-big Palomar Mountain telescope is turned on the skies!

Photographed in ordinary blue light, as has been the custom, this region, around which our galaxy revolves, shows a sky dotted with many stars. In the red light photograph, it glows with light, showing thousands of stars so cool, relatively speaking, that always before their light has failed to come through to the photographic plate.

Cosmic dust and gas have stood in the way of photographing these stars by blue-light methods. An idea of how these dim their light can be seen about sunset when your own sun on the horizon, viewed through miles of our own atmosphere, appears dimmer and reddish.

M. L. Humason, of Mt. Wilson Observatory, explains that blue light from the more distant stars is absorbed by the fine dust particles before it reaches the earth, whereas red light scatters less and thus penetrates the dust and gas and, on a fast red-sensitive plate registers very plainly.

"We now hope," says Mr. Humason, "to photograph spectra of nebulae so far away that light from them would require 500,000, 100 YEARS to reach the earth! The limit of the new mirror when it was designed would have been only about 250,000,000 light years—and the improvements enable us to do that, well now with the 100-inch telescope."

Pleased that such results are being accomplished so inexpensively, Mr. Humason observes that by just such simple expedients must astronomy advance for the next few years.

"Owing to the present emergency," he says, "it seems probable that the 200-inch will be the largest telescope constructed for many years to come. Therefore, if astronomers expect to make many discoveries in the future it will have to be done almost entirely by improvements in present equipment."

"Results from using red-sensitive plates and metallic coated lenses and prisms are examples of the possibilities."

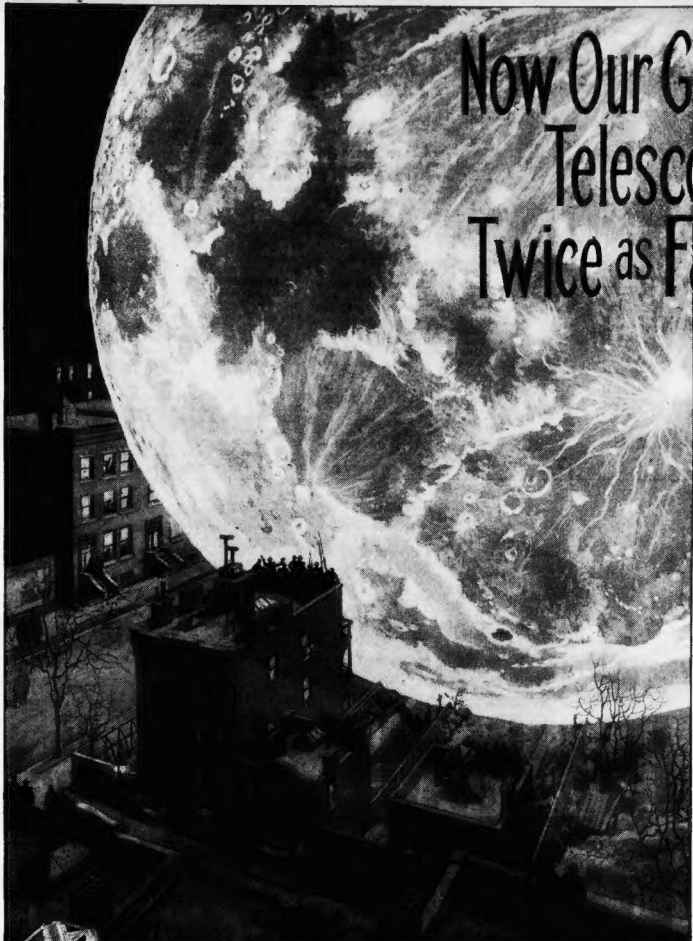
"With them, both developed within the last decade since the big telescope was designed, the 100-inch telescope has attained spectroscopically the gain in speed expected for the 200-inch when originally planned."

This reaching so far into space absolutely staggers the imagination. Light, the fastest known thing, travels about 186,000 miles per SECOND, or nearly 700 MILLION miles per hour. Imagine then light traveling from some distant nebula at that speed for 500 million YEARS!

That is reaching into the very depths of all Creation!

What will be photographed, of course, will be light that started on its way 500,000,000 years ago. Light that started since then, even 400,000,000 years ago will not be here for another 100,000,000 years.

Mr. Humason and Dr. Edwin Hubble, astronomer who also works with the 100-inch



If Astronomers (and Photographers) Can Keep on Improving Telescopes and Making Better and More Sensitive Plates, They May in a Few Years Bring the Moon "Right Into Your Backyard" For It Will Seem That Close.

the relative atmospheric blurring does not make a lot of difference. Instead of "too much light" there is never really enough, even with our biggest telescopes."

The main value of big telescopes, Mr. Humason explained, is that they collect more light and so require less exposure time.

This is really the object of making bigger and bigger telescopes," he said.

"With scores of astronomers interested in putting their problems through it, so to speak, and with only one 200-inch telescope in all the world to work with, it is apparent how important this saving of time is."

An astronomical problem, that would require, say, ten years of research with the 100-inch telescope, and hundreds of exposures, might be done in only five years with the 200-inch telescope. So, the big telescope will, by reducing exposure times in taking photographs, allow more time for research by a greater number of astronomers."

Light collected in the spectrograph, through the big telescope, is separated into its component colors. As each element gives off its own characteristic color or arrangement of colors, astronomers by analyzing light from distant objects can tell what they are made of, get some idea of the objects' temperatures, speeds and directions of movement.

This light, after collection on the huge mirror, passes through a slit 1-1000th of an inch wide on the spectrograph and is sent through a series of lenses and prisms which "break it up," or focus it. It is in respect to these lenses and prisms—sometimes as many as six or more passing light from one to another—that the second inexpensive advance has been made which will make the great 200-inch telescope so much more efficient.

The new advance comes by coating the surfaces of the glass, where it is reached by the air, with metallic film. This coating does a strange thing to the glass of which lenses and prisms are made—it makes it transmit the light more efficiently.

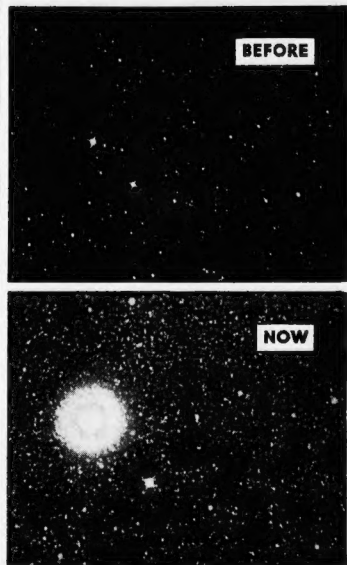
Every time light passes through an air-glass surface, some of it is reflected or deflected. For ordinary window glass, this loss is 4 per cent of the total light. In lens and prism systems—as in our big telescopes—the loss is about 5 per cent per surface.

So if there are six surfaces—six lenses and prisms, that is—through which the light is passing, there is a total loss of about 30 per cent of the light. For years astronomers have been working under that handicap.

Dr. A. F. Turner, in "The Educational Focus," published by Bausch & Lomb, explains, "The surface of the glass acts like a 'bump' and in passing over it some of the energy of the light beam is jarred loose and goes to form a reflected beam."

Scientists found out long ago that beams of light thus affect each other, and that in a telescope, the beams may re-inforce each other, depending on how they converge,

Now Our Giant \$6,000,000 Telescope Can See Twice as Far for \$30 Extra



These Two Pictures of the Heavens by Dr. Walter Baade Show How Many More Stars Can Be Seen With the 100-Inch Mt. Wilson Telescope Right Now Because of Infra-Red Sensitive Plates. Already the 100-Inch Instrument Can Do the Job the 200-Inch "Eye" Was Designed to Do, and the Latter Will Be Twice as Good as Scientists Ever Dreamed It Would Be.

or sometimes they may even destroy each other, leaving darkness.

What would overcome this? In 1892, H. Dennis Taylor, a British lens designer, got a clue. He observed that tarnished lenses sent to him for repolishing actually transmitted more light—50 per cent of it—before he polished them than they did after he cleaned them up. Cleaned up, they transmitted only 50 per cent.

Then it was discovered this had something to do with the length of a light wave—which is 4 millionths of an inch. If the coating or tarnish on a lens was exactly one-fourth of a light wave length, or one millionth of an inch thick, the light came through almost perfectly—the beams did not "bounce," or reflect, or interfere with each other.

The thing to do, then, was to find some way to coat the lens. Many tackled the problem, and with many different materials, from fatty acids to metals. Calcium and lithium fluorides became the favorite coatings.

In 1938, Dr. John Strong, of the California Institute of Technology—where the 200-inch mirror is being ground, incidentally—worked out a way to put on the one millionth of an inch of metal film. He evaporated metallic fluorides in a high vacuum so that the evaporated molecules collected on the surface of the glass being treated.

Tried out at Mount Wilson, it was found that telescope glass thus treated transmitted all the light except for one to two per cent,

as contrasted with the usual loss of 25 per cent. The result, of course, is to speed even more the photographic processes—which depend entirely on the amount of light that strikes the photographic plates.

Coupled with red-sensitive plates, which determine the KIND of light being collected on the plates, these treated lenses and prisms step up the light-gathering power of the big mirrors enormously. That is why the 100-inch telescope today works better than original plans for the 200-inch telescope.

Even in larger sizes red-sensitive plates cost not more than a dime more than ordinary photographic plates. It costs only from \$4.50 to \$8 per surface to treat lenses and prisms with metallic coating.

In other words, the great telescope, which is costing \$6,000,000 to build, is made doubly effective for most of its work by inexpensive "tricks" and methods which cost not much more than one-millionth of what the whole telescope cost!

All the astronomical world is waiting for the end of the war. For the emergency look from work of completing the telescope some much needed optical technicians. When this happened, it was estimated the telescope was probably less than a year from completion.

So soon after peace is declared, mankind will undertake another great adventure... looking into the depths of the Universe—not only of our own Milky Way universe, but the 500,000,000 other universes already known to exist.



Grinding the Great 200-Inch (That's More Than 16 Feet) Mirror Has Taken Years, But Is Nearly Finished, Thanks to the Skill of Marcus H. Brown, Chief Optician, Who Is the Man in the Dark Coat. At the Center of the Mirror Is the Dark Post of Optical Polishing "Rouge." While the Grinding Tool Is the 68-Inch Disk in the Background That Revolves Over the Gleaming Surface.

PEARLS THAT NEVER MET AN OYSTER



The Photograph at the Left Shows a Young Woman Smiling Through a Twelve-Strand Necklace of Man-Made Pearls Which Look Very Much Like the Real Thing.

graphs on this page show that there are pearls—and pearls—some of which haven't even a speckling acquaintance with an oyster.

These "gems" are good to look at and hard to tell from the real thing, except to the alert eye of an expert. They are clever synthetic products and are much less expensive than the genuine article. Moreover, the sale of them puts not one yen into Japan's war chest.

Everybody knows how "cultured" pearls are made—with grains of sand artificially injected into the oyster—but few people understand how synthetic pearls, which are never within shouting distance of an oyster, come into being.

The magic of the chemical laboratory is the answer to that—for research experts have developed a dipping process for the mass production of artificial pearls.

One good thing about the new process is that the materials needed are not on the government priority list, and so madame is assured of a steady pro-

duction of costume jewelry for the duration.

In making the artificial bauble, workers drop hot liquid glass on the end of specially prepared wire. By twirling this wire, the glass, as it cools, forms a perfect sphere. The glass, of a special variety, contains opaque pigments.

After the little balls of glass have cooled, the wires are withdrawn, and toothpick-like pegs are inserted into the holes. These pegs are then mounted on a dipping board and the glass beads are lowered into a "pearl" solution. Removed from this chemical bath, they are then allowed to dry in thermostatically controlled rooms.

The glass beads are dipped and redipped, the number of immersions depending on the quality, color and sheen desired. After the last dipping has dried, the excess pearl solution is trimmed from the peg close to the pearl. This is a delicate operation and, if improperly done, the bead has to be thrown away.

The synthetic pearls, sorted to size, are then put on stringing



The Make-Believe Pearls Start Out as Glass Beads Which Are Melted Under a Flame to Produce Luminous Round Bubbles.

Under a Flame to Produce Luminous Round Bubbles. The stringing machine. The stringing needle itself punches the hole on the other side, and within a jiffy a complete strand of "pearls" is put together to grace a creamy white throat.

These artificial pearls don't flatten papa's pocketbook. A 12-strand necklace of oyster pearls costs maybe \$100,000, while a simulated necklace of the same number of strands, looking almost exactly like the real McCoy, sells for about \$35.

MOST people know that every genuine pearl is the work of an irritated oyster. A grain of sand, or some other small piece of foreign matter, gets between the halves of the creature's shell—and to stop tickling and itching the oyster coats the obstruction with stuff that gradually becomes a pearl. Many of the world's best pearls

come from the Orient, and the wily and ambitious Japs own some of the best pearl fisheries. Things being what they are to-day, however, the Little Brown Men are not getting many of the precious baubles onto the market.

But this doesn't mean that people with the wherewithal can't still get pearls. The photo-



To Make the Little Glass Beads Look Pearl-Like, They Are Dipped in a Special Solution Several Times and Then Allowed to Dry.



The Pearl That Never Saw an Oyster Gets a Final Inspection Before It Is Neatly Trimmed and Made Ready for Stringing.

Making Blackout Paint From Phonograph Records

YOUR old chipped and scratched phonograph records—believe it or not—make the most efficient blackout paint known to science. Ever since the outbreak of war, research experts have been trying to concoct a mixture so dead black that no light could possibly get through it. They found it when they discovered that those old jazz or symphonic records strewn about your attic contain the makings of the perfect blackout paint.

Credit for finding this out goes to Samuel G. Gordon, curator of minerals at the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, who devised a way of converting the phonograph discs into paint so simple that you can do it right in your own home.

All you have to do is smash the old record into tiny fragments. Dump the broken pieces into a tin can or glass jar and then pour over them commercial denatured alcohol. Loosely cover the container and let the broken bits soak for from 24 to 30 hours. By that time the record fragments will have dissolved into a thick, black paste. This is your blackout paint. The paste—or paint—can be

thinned to the consistency you need by adding more denatured alcohol until you have the desired consistency. The paint can then be applied with an ordinary paint brush. It dries extremely fast, and a second coat can be put on almost immediately over the first to make the blackout more complete.

Don't be over-ambitious and break up too many records, because one ordinary sized disc will make enough paint to cover several windows and, as Gordon puts it, "symphony will produce enough to cover the windows of an industrial plant."

The advantage of "phonograph paint" is that it can be easily removed after the emergency is over. Just apply denatured alcohol to the windows and the paint washes right off. Rain will not cause the black coating to run.

Another thing in favor of Gordon's home-made paint idea is that it provides a cheap window coating and eliminates the necessity of purchasing paint which is so badly needed right now by defense industries.

Even factories, municipal buildings, air raid posts and Army camps can save on paint by blacking out with old records.

You Get your Money Back

IF ANY MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY



DOESN'T LIKE CHEERIOATS

You get all these **NUTRITIONAL VALUES OF OATMEAL:** Vitamin B₁, Vitamin G, Calcium, Iron, Phosphorus



We "Blended In" CORN and TAPIOCA to Create the **BEST-TASTING OATMEAL CEREAL YOU'VE EVER HAD**

... and it comes all ready to eat!



The Breakfast Food you've always wanted!

IT LOOKS LIKE LITTLE DOUGHNUTS!



SOMETHING wonderful has happened to America's No. 1 breakfast cereal! Now at last you can sit yourself down to a nourishing oatmeal cereal... a tempting ready-to-eat form... 75% ground oatmeal with corn and tapioca "blended in" by a special process, to make it the best-tasting oatmeal cereal you've ever had in your life!

Words can't describe the deliciousness of CHEERIOATS... so try it, and learn by experience. And while you're enjoying its marvelous goodness... just remember this: tempting, ready-to-eat CHEERIOATS provides...

FULL OATMEAL AMOUNTS of all these precious nutritional values of oatmeal: VITAMIN B₁, needed by children for normal growth and by everyone for normal functioning of the nervous system. VITAMIN G, needed for normal growth and weight in children. IRON for good red blood. CALCIUM and PHOSPHORUS for sound, strong bones and teeth!

Start right now to give your family the breakfast nourishment you want them to have... in this modern, delectable, ready-to-eat form! Remember... your money back IF ANY MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY doesn't like CHEERIOATS!

NEW! NEW! NEW!

Everything about CHEERIOATS is delightfully new and different. Even its shape. For it comes in the clever form of little miniature doughnuts... hole and all. Toasted and crisp... and made to stay that way in milk or cream. Its natural, satisfying, "blended" flavor is like no other cereal you've ever tried, hot or cold.

The 8th Earl's Spirit Joins the Ghosts of Weird Berkeley Castle

By ELLIOT O'DONNELL,
The Ghost Man

BERKELEY CASTLE is the most ghost-ridden building in England, and also one of the most ancient, beautiful and picturesque.

It was here that the murder of King Edward II took place in 1327, a murder so dreadful that people speak of it still in whispers, for it was probably the most repulsive crime in the whole of British history. And many other tragedies have happened there in its nearly eight hundred years of existence.

Its stones are so steeped in memories of old tragedies that serious psychiatric research investigators believe that the spirits of unhappy men and women of the past still cling to its walls and speak and cry and walk.

Some believe that there will be new manifestations of its psychological activity. For instance, they believe that the next spirit to appear will be that of Randal Thomas Mowbray Berkeley, eighth Earl of Berkeley, who died the other day.

He was weighed down by the thought of the terrible crime that stained the walls of his ancestral home in 1327 and by that of the many other tragedies that happened there since then. Many of the family were gloomy and doomed to misfortune.

Lord Berkeley must have felt there was a real curse on his home and race. He was married to two American widows in succession, but left no children, and the earldom became extinct with his death.

Berkeley Castle is situated near the little town of Berkeley and is fifteen miles from the ancient city of Gloucester. The two rooms most closely associated with the historic murder of Edward are the dungeon and the King's bedroom. The former resembles the letter D in shape. It is 28 feet deep, its walls are several feet thick and it is without light or any opening for air, except through a trapdoor in the floor of the room over it.

It reeks of damp, is the home of rats and toads and roaches, and, like the bedroom, is reputed to be badly haunted. In its floor is a deep well now dry, but at the time the unhappy King was confined there it was full of foul water that sometimes flooded the dungeon. A person can hardly enter the dungeon, which is terrifying in its sense of gloom and loneliness, without experiencing a feeling of intense dread.

The King's bedroom is in an isolated position at the end of a corridor, a little distance from the dungeon. The furniture now there is said to be the same that was there when the King was murdered and to occupy nearly the same position as on that fatal night.

What exactly caused the deadly quarrel between King Edward and his lovely wife, Isabella, nicknamed "The She-Wolf of France," may never be known for certain.

It is possible that it would not have occurred, if Edward, who was a very weak character, had not preferred the company of his favorites Pierre Gaveston and later Hugh Despenser, to that of his lovely wife.

Isabella visited the court of Charles the



Culver Service

Fiendish Queen Isabella, the "She-Wolf of France," Who Indulged One of the Most Ghastly Crimes in History; and Right—King Edward II, Her Husband.



Picture Archives

Fair, King of France, her brother, to patch up the feud between him and Edward. There the She-Wolf first met the handsome, immature Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, one of the most powerful English noblemen, who had escaped to France after the failure of his war against the two Despensers, father and son.

Isabella and Mortimer planned a new rebellion against Edward, the landing of her lover in England, the seizure of the King.

After finding that no amount of rough treatment would kill him, his wife and her paramour ordered him taken to lonely Berke-

Will the Headless Knight, the Grinning V-Slashed Skull, the Beautiful But Diabolical "She-Wolf of France," and Its Other Spectral Visitants Be Stirred Up Again Now That the Ancient Berkeley Line Has Come to an Unlucky End?

ley Castle and delivered into the hands of two most inhuman keepers. They were both gentlemen of birth.

Old writers have handed down to us a picture of Isabella sitting on the knees of Mortimer, her white arms lovingly entwined round his neck, her tapering jeweled fingers playing with his curls. They are in her boudoir in a castle near London. Laughingly she discusses with Roger the cruel means of killing her hated husband.

Those were wild savage times, and even the fairest and highest born ladies were not infrequently possessed of passion like those of Isabella.

The water from the well sometimes rose to his waist. The bodies of dead cats and dogs were thrown into it in hope that the wretched King would die from infection.

So as to be close at hand to devise new torments Isabella moved to the city of Gloucester. At last, impatient that the King still lived despite all efforts to kill through cold, rotting dogs and hunger, Isabella decided to have him murdered more quickly.

The night chosen for this diabolical deed, September 21, 1327, proved wild and stormy. The King, a mere bag of bones, his haggard face scarcely human, his body covered with "detestable sores," was dragged, trembling with cold and fear, to the bedroom. There he was thrown on a bed and left by the servants of Courtney and Mortimer, the two gentleman associates of Mortimer.

On the stroke of midnight the door of the bedroom opened and Courtney and Mortimer entered, carrying a long iron poker and a metal pipe. They then heated the poker in a brazier of coal until it became red-hot.

What followed cannot be told in detail. They held the poor King on the bed, placed a heavy table on him and proceeded to kill him with cruel tortures, but in such a way that little external evidence of his agonies could be seen.

The King's body, arrayed in fine linen, was afterwards shown to the Castle's owner, the second Lord Berkeley, who was absent at the time of the murder. He was later honorably acquitted of all knowledge of it. The people of the neighboring village were also invited to view the body and see there was no injury upon it. But there was a look of agony on the distorted face that could never be forgotten.

It is said that every few years, on the anniversary of the murder, the tramp of mailed feet is heard along the corridor leading to the scene of the tragedy. The door,

though kept locked and bolted, opens of its own accord and is then shut with a loud hollow-sounding bang. Those who summed up the courage to watch, claim to have seen the phantom of Isabella going to the room and peep through the slightly opened door and listen.

It must be admitted that the old accounts of happenings in Berkeley Castle are sometimes embroidered, but there is a residue of fact or credible tradition that is impressive.

Isabella's ghost has been described in an old chronicle as tall, with dark hair, beautifully dressed and adorned with sparkling jewels, as are her white bosom and arms. Her eyes are the most striking feature of her lovely face. Dark and deep, they have an alluring slant under their penciled eyebrows.

But there is also something terrifying about her eyes. They reveal her demon soul and gleam with an inhuman light—she is half-wolf.

While she waits, bloodcurdling screams of agony are said to come from the bedroom and cries of "For God's sake don't. Oh, please, please!" Whereupon the Queen claps her jeweled hands with gle and urges the murderers not to spare him.

Then one last awful shriek rings through the Castle, succeeded by a significant silence. The door of the room opens and the murderers come out, their faces convulsed with wicked glee. As they stand chattering with the Queen, a leadenish blue light seems gradually to issue from the three persons. Throwing back their heads they give peal after peal of diabolical laughter and audaciously vanish.

The last time these manifestations are said to have occurred was shortly before the death of the late Earl's predecessor, while the family was absent from the Castle. They were then experienced by certain members of the household who were brave enough to venture into the haunted wing.

It is an old feature of the hauntings that they seldom occur when the owner of the Castle is at home. So loud are the ghostly screams said to be that they can be heard in the neighboring village, sounding even above a storm and causing all the dogs both in the Castle and anywhere near to howl.

There is another fearful ghost that haunts Berkeley Castle. During the Wars of the Roses, Lord Lisle and his cousin Lord Berkeley, disputed one day at the Castle as to the ownership of certain local property. The dispute eventually resulted in a sanguinary pitched battle.

Lord Lisle and some of his retainers met Berkeley and his followers on a nearby spot called Nibley Green. During the battle Berkeley forced Lisle to his knees and cut off his head. Ever since then Lisle's ghost is said to haunt not only Nibley Green but the interior and grounds of Berkeley Castle.

Here is a recorded account of its appearance: On a hot summer afternoon one of the Castle gardeners, overcome by the heat, fell asleep. He awoke with a violent start to feel a cold hand on his head. Opening his eyes he received a shock that affected him for days afterwards, for standing in front of him was a gigantic figure in shining armor, but with no head. Where the head should have been was a spherical, greenish-yellow light. Two other gardeners saw the ghost.

On another occasion a maid-servant was ascending a narrow staircase leading to an

Before the Terrified Gardener Loomed a Gigantic Figure in Shining Armor. Where Its Head Should Have Been Burned a Sickening Greenish-Yellow Flame.



Randal Berkeley, the Eighth, Last and Possibly Last Earl of the Ill-Fated Line.

attic of the Castle when she saw a peculiar light over the balustrade of the landing. There was no light anywhere near to account for it. In less than time it takes to describe it, the light developed into the head of a dead body, with a long beard and a shock of low-colored hair.

The eyes were the only live things about it. A sinister light glittered in their pupils, and hatred, saturated in its intensity, welled from them. Right in the center of the forehead, in striking contrast to the pallor of the skin, was a startling red "V" which gave a clue to the identity of the ghost, for, according to tradition, Lord Berkeley, with the point of his dagger cut the letter V on the forehead of Lord Lisle, as a sign that he was vanquished.

Berkeley Castle was built by King Henry I about 1125 and is one of the few remaining baronial castles in England. There is little doubt that through the Middle Ages many crimes, which remained secret, were committed there.

The original owner of the Castle was a baron. The first lord to be created Earl of Berkeley was the ninth baron, a love companion of the Merry Monarch, King Charles II. The Castle was then the scene of wicked revells.

Nothing of dramatic interest seems to have happened at the Castle from the days of the Merry Monarch till the time of the fifth Earl, Frederick Augustus. He fell in love with Mary Cole, daughter of a man of humble position. He met her at her sister's home in Gloucester and brought her to Berkeley as his mistress. Being very fond of her and rather honorable, he eventually married her in 1756. He had children by her before and after the marriage. The question of inheritance arising from his relationship with Mary Cole caused at his death the remarkable Berkeley peerage case.

The fifth Earl had three sons and a daughter before he married Mary Cole. The eldest son of the pre-marriage period claimed there was a marriage before his birth, but the House of Lords decided he was wrong and awarded the title to the young son born after the marriage. The youth on coming of age refused to assume the title to his great credit, because to do so would have fixed dishonor on his mother.



Historic 8-Centuries-Old Berkeley Castle Where the Spectral Queen Isabella Still Reenacts Her Terrible Crime and Wanders Screaming Through the Gloomy Corridors. Psychical Researchers Believe Her Spirit, and Those of Other Participants in the Castle's Violent and Bloody History, May Somehow Be Bound to the Scene by the Very Horror of Their Deeds.

This Perky "Pooch" Is Wearing an Army Outfit Decorated with a Sergeant's Chevron.



WHILE the brave dogs of war aid the fighting forces on the field of battle, a lot of civilian pooches are doing their bit for the nation's morale behind the firing line by wearing special patriotic togs patterned after the uniforms of our Army and Navy. The photographs on this page



This Canine Maiden Is Wearing a Trim Overcoat Which Tells the World That Her Heart Is with the Navy.

Taking a Bath Riskier Than Doing a Parachute Jump

EVERY time you step into the tub for a bath you're taking a bigger chance of getting injured than the soldier who bails out of a speeding army plane with a parachute.

Offhand, there wouldn't seem to be anything dangerous about that bathroom of yours—whereas parachute jumping sounds like mighty risky stuff. But just the opposite is true.

A recent compilation of accident statistics shows that the aviator stands less of a chance of getting hurt than does Aunt Minnie curling her hair in the bathroom.

As a matter of statistical record, home is the place where accidents are mostly like to—and do—occur. And the bathroom is the most dangerous spot. The United States Army Medical Corps recently conducted a survey to prove that parachute jumping by our armed forces is not particularly dangerous.

Of the 4,490 training jumps covered by the survey, only 121 soldiers were injured, but only 32 required hospital treatment—a mere fraction of 1 per cent.

People think that parachute jumping is dangerous. Army officials point out, because stunt aviators barnstorming the country have made it look that way.

Only one death due to parachute jumping was reported by army officials, and this occurred when a "chute on a jumper bailed

ing out at 750 feet failed to open.

As relatively safe as parachute jumping may be now, Uncle Sam is telling us that even fewer training mishaps may be expected in the future because of improved technique.

Unfortunately, there is nothing Uncle Sam can do about cutting down the number of accidents in the home—because safety precautions rest with each individual.

The bathroom is so dangerous because you can overcome by carbon monoxide from the gas heater, electrocuted by turning on or off electrical fixtures while you are sitting in water or seriously or fatally injured by falling in a slippery tub.

Safety experts maintain that all bathtubs should be provided with crepe mats on the bottom and a hand-rail for support.

Just as household accidents may take freakish turns, parachute jumping also has its curious twists. The Army reported one instance where a parachutist, leaping out of a plane at 129 miles an hour, caught his "chute on the tail of the plane and remained there for 10 minutes.

The jumper was spun around at a terrific speed but, fortunately, just before losing consciousness he opened his emergency parachute. The pull of this "chute was enough to jerk him away from the plane and he floated safely to earth.

WAR TOGS FOR DOGS

ing around because he is looked upon as a living symbol of Nazism, has a uniform of his own—embroidered with the legend "I Am An American"—to prove that he's not the kind of dog you might think.

Antoinette Behra, a New Yorker, is the designer of the doggy duds shown on this page. She also has fashioned scores of other coats for the canine style-cutters, and you can outfit your pet with an imitation jacket of practically every branch of the armed forces.

That special "I Am An American" outfit of the dachshund might cause you to smile—but to Fritzine who's wearing it, it's pretty serious stuff, because in England there recently was a great to-do about the hundreds of low-slung dachshunds in that country.

Although the majority of Brit-ers don't share this dislike of the dachshund, owners of the breed hardly dared to walk their pets on the streets of any English city for to appear with a "sausage hound" was to be suspected of Nazi sympathies.

The Patriotic Outfit at the Right Was Designated Especially for Dachshunds with No Love for Nazi Germany.



INT'L PHOTOS

It's no wonder then that the American cousin of the British dachshund is eager to prove that one can't always judge by appearances. Champions of the dachshund point out that the

breed originated not in Germany but in France or Belgium.

Apart from the clothes angle, pampered pups have been doing all right for themselves these days. A visit to the shop where

the doggy military packets are being turned out uncovers the fact that there's a new trick death ray for ridding Fido of fleas and other self-invited boarders that doesn't harm the dog.

TEA PEPS YOU UP!

MEMBER how that line goes—Now's the Time For All Good Men (and Women) To Come To The Aid Of The Country...? Well, tea is helping millions to do just that. Good, hot, stimulating tea that hits the spot—helps keep spirits in high. Try tea for the taste thrills—and don't forget—cold weather time is tea-time. Chase winter chills with hot, vitalizing tea. Tea is a big favorite at camps and on the high seas, too. Drink plenty of tea all day through—with meals and in between. Yes, tea lets you sleep!



THESE GOOD BLACK TEAS ARE ESPECIALLY SUITED TO THE AMERICAN TASTE. FOR ECONOMY AND FULL ENJOYMENT, BUY QUALITY TEA.

TEA "TAKES THE CAKE"

Any cake is extra tasty with a rousing cup of hot black tea!

Cup-cakes—chocolate cake—any cake! Take them with tea, and you'll say (take it from me) there's no drink in America that touches tea for flavor and boosting pep. The whole family cheers for tea—and it's the economy drink, too! Try tea and see! (P.S. Tea is non-fattening.) Buy the extra-quality black teas your grocer features.

Now Hollywood's Kid Stars MUST Save Their Money

Adela Rogers St. Johns Explains How the California Law Which Grew Out of Jackie Coogan's Troubles Is Now Protecting Juvenile Actors From Squabbling Relatives—and Safeguarding Their Fortunes Against the Future—and Themselves

Edith Fellows' Success as a Child Star Started a Series of Follies Which Quickly Ate Up Her Salary. This Wouldn't Have Happened If the Coogan Act Had Been in Operation 8 Years Ago—At Least It Would Have Left Only Half Her Earnings to Fight Over.

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THESE days, it's worth while to take a look at anything that gives you a warm glow of satisfaction over the progress humanity has made in its way of living, no matter how small or how great.

Makes a sort of concrete example of a way of life worth fighting for.

This tale hasn't anything to do with the war. But it has a lot to do with how American children are protected, how they are cared for and their talents encouraged and laws passed to make their lives fuller and more beautiful. When you have children—or love 'em anyway—that's one of the things that gives you courage and stamina in 1942.

Well, in Hollywood, I am reminded forcefully, there has been an improvement along a line that we ought maybe to take time out to recognize and be grateful for.

Over the long range view, in the days of peace after victory and readjustment to a world in which gaiety and art and happiness will again bloom, a California law is now in operation that may mean a lot to all of us.

Thanks partly at least to one of the greatest Americans who ever lived, the man to whom American children owe more than to any other human, thanks to Judge Ben Lindsey, we have the Coogan law.

As I see it, it's one of the most amazing pieces of legal wizardry you ever want to meet up with—and it is the answer to the many broken lives that used to come out of Hollywood child stars. The broken hearts, too, because just as there is nothing more bitter than civil war, so there is nothing more disillusioning than family fights over money.

There are exceptions, of course—such as little Mary Ann Jackson, chubby favorite of "Our Gang" comedies, who was able to retire at the age of nine with a fortune invested in real estate.

But those of us who have lived in Hollywood a long time, saw a awful lot of unpleasant—even tragic things—grow from the success of small children who were able to act.

Nothing made more tragic reading, for example, than the case of Freddie Bartholomew, a kid paying \$83,000 in legal fees in one year, out of his own earnings, to protect his own earnings. Imagine a youngster like Freddie, highly sensitive, imaginative, pounded in a fight between his adored aunt and his own mother and father.

In contrast, twelve-year-old Roddy MacDowell, although a British subject, now has his future protected by the Coogan law from such heartbreaking and expensive litigation. We Americans ought never to forget Ben Lindsey, the judge who started the first juvenile court to protect children.

When you've watched Ben Lindsey deal with a kid you have seen a magician at work, and I know because I have watched it often. And sometimes we would talk and I'd find myself telling him about the kid—Jackie Coogan. With all due respect to that great little trooper Shirley Temple, Jackie Coogan, the greatest of all screen kids, I'd find myself gabbling about Jackie—and his father who was killed—and how the kid loved his mother—and what it must have meant to discover that his money hadn't been taken care of and that most of it was gone.

So, in 1933—June I think it was—Aber-



Betty Brewer and Her Family Were Among the First to Profit by the New Law Which Intelligently Permitted Her to Pay Back Debts Out of Her First 6 Weeks Salary Before Half of It Was Deducted and Placed in a Trust Fund That Will Be Waiting Her When She Grows Up. Left to Right—Here, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brewer, Monte, and Betty Brewer.

lyman Kent H. Redwine, a Hollywood lawyer, in collaboration with Judge Ben Lindsey, George Temple—father of Shirley—and other parents of famous infants, wrote and introduced a bill which newspaper reporters called the "Coogan Act" because it was designed to see that the deal Jackie Coogan got wasn't ever handed to any other child in Hollywood, ever.

By anybody, even his own folks. It's ironic in a way that the little genius who was the Kid will go down in history as the inspiration for a law to protect all other children, even though he suffered so much himself to bring that to pass.

Let's take a couple of cases, both kinds, and see how it works, this Coogan Act which says in part—

"The courts shall have the power to require setting aside and preserving for the benefit of the minor—either in trust funds or in such other savings plans as the court shall approve—of such portion of the earnings of the minor not to exceed one-half. The court may withhold approval of any contract until the parent or guardian shall execute and file with the court a written consent to such order."

Ah, I see the Judge's fine hand in that. For under the California Child Labor Laws, now in effect, no film contract between a studio and a minor is legal until it has been approved by a Superior Court Judge.

So let's see how it works.

Susanna Foeter is a young singing star. Her real name is Larson. As long as it was Larson, little Susanna and her folks—her mother and father and her three sisters—got along fine. They all loved each other and were good friends, and Papa Larson supported them all comfortably enough.

Then Susanna skyrocketed to film fame in a picture called "The Great Victor Herbert."

The only thing great about it was Susanna. Then the law suits began. Then the folks quit getting along, and the usual procession of custody suits and separate maintenance actions and goodness knows what began to explode around Susanna's singing.

Her mother said her father wouldn't work any more, now that his daughter was a



Family Squabbles Over Susanna Foeter, the Young Singing Star, Threatened to Leave Her Penniless Until California Took a Hand in the Matter and Put Half Her Salary in a Trust Fund.

screen star. But Susanna didn't seem to agree with this because she chose to stay with her father and support her mother and sisters, too.

Then the State of California stepped in. One-half of her salary was deposited in a trust fund and neither Susanna nor anybody had anything to say about it.

After that, she could pay her mother \$130 a month and her father could handle the rest. When she grows up, Susanna Foeter will find that trust fund right there, always hers, giving her freedom and independence to study, to help others, to be secure herself.

You see, often the young die swiftly at

Intelligent Supervision Enabled Mary Ann Jackson, the Chubby Favorite of "Our Gang" and Other Early Comedies, to Retire Permanently at the Age of 9 With Her Fortune Safely Invested in Real Estate, Something Which, Unfortunately, Was the Exception Rather Than the Rule Before California's New Law Went Into Effect.

the box office. Sometimes they go on through, but as a matter of fact no screen star worries so about approaching age as the baby star—the child phenom.

Here's a good contrast—one of those before and after shots, side by side.

Little girl named Edith Fellows, remember her?

When she was a baby her mother left Edith with her grandmother. The grandmother took Edith to Hollywood, via South Carolina.

The child was enchanting—she could sing and dance, as so many babies can. At five, she was a child extra—and she and her grandma ate on what she earned. A little older, she landed a real contract.

Hollywood seldom saw a more sensational suit than the one that followed between Edith's mother and her grandmother.

A lot of things were said that we can be happier forgetting. Anyhow, Edith decided to stay with her grandmother, and when the court asked for an accounting, it seemed that for two years ending in 1926 she had earned over ten thousand dollars and had about two left.

On her Columbia deal, she earned \$78,000. Then she began to really get sued—detectives

Twelve-Year-Old Child Star Roddy MacDowell Is a British Subject, but His Health, Education and Finances Are Protected by California Law Against Such Heartbreaking and Expensive Litigation as Took Place Over Poor Little Freddie Bartholomew.

who had checked up on her mother, schools, agents, singing teachers—everybody moved in. You see, there was gold in that little girl, so it was worth fighting over her, going after her, trying to get something out of her. The publicity didn't do her or her career any good, believe me. It wouldn't have happened if the Coogan Act had been there because there would only have been half of her earnings to fight about.

Take Betty Brewer. She's 14. When she was about 12, Betty came to Hollywood with her folks. Nice, sunny American family—father and mother, older sister, younger brother. Came from Missouri. Her father had worked in the mines but he got lead poisoning and headed for the mines of California, where he could get work outdoors.

California can't always provide work outdoors for all who are hopeful and Betty's papa didn't get any. So the three Brewer children sang in the streets and—this is a true story, she'll tell me—Sam Wood heard them. Sam has a genius for seeing talent others haven't discovered and Betty got a chance in "Rangers of Fortune" and hit it right in the nose. For a good Paramount contract.

Now there never were more devoted parents, more honest people than the Brewers. Everybody said that. But they had never dealt in big figures. They had never had any experience of saving money, of living on a bigger scale.

This is what happened under the Coogan Act. Betty and her folks and a lawyer went to court to have Betty's contract approved by Judge Emmet Gould.

"And," said Betty, "when he found out about Papa's savings being used up and the bills and all, he let me work for six weeks to get square before I had to start my trust fund."

But at the end of six weeks, the trust fund started and will continue as long as she is under age. The other half—Papa Brewer has a job now, they've bought five acres—all is well. Nice ending.

Remember Baby Marie Osborne? The Shirley Temple of her day. She earned \$3,000 a week, that baby did. After that salary stopped, life was quite different for her and her family.

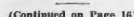
All kids can't be as lucky as Shirley Temple—her papa was a banker to begin with. But the Coogan Act is going to protect the young stars from now on.

It does make you feel good to know this. We'll need all this young, talent, unbroken, sure, in the days and years ahead of us all.

by Richard Wormser

With a Mad Voyage in a Luxury Yacht Under Skies That Rain Death

*As She Caught Sight
of the Knife in the
Steward's Hand, the
Girl Screamed.
"Watch Him!" She
Warned the Captain.*



Narrow Escape of Pretty "Doc" Otilie White Angel of China

The Refugee Girl, Who Became a Virtual Goddess to the Chinese by Nursing Their Wounds, Had Risked Her Life a Thousand Times—and When One of Her Own Patients, Crazy by Pain, Tried to Kill Her, She Was Saved by the Talking Eyes of a Paralyzed Old Man



"Doc" Otilie Wang and Her Chinese Husband, Who Helped Her Escape Hitler's Persecution to Become the "White Angel" of the Chinese Army in Its Heroic Struggle Against Jap Frightfulness.



"Doc" Otilie Sat Reading to the Dumb Paralyzed Ex-Soldier When Suddenly She Sensed That He Was Trying Desperately to Communicate a Warning.

"Glancing Down She Saw His Eyes, Bulging With Horror, Directed Just Above and Behind Her Head and Read the Urgent Message Mirrored There."

"Without the Slightest Hesitation the 'White Angel' Did the One and Only Thing That Could Save Her From the Maniac."

figure that looked like a mummy. But the skeleton-like chest rose and fell slightly and there was life in the burning eyes which could show many emotions. Strangest of all the light, dry skin, stretched over what looked like a death's head, could smile. At least one corner of the mouth was able to curl upward.

His only method of communication was by answering questions with winks of his right eye. In this manner he had once managed to tell them that he was suffering from toothache and they had been able to extract the right one the first time. Otherwise the bomb-victim was completely paralyzed. Otilie was translating into Chinese the battered remains of an old funny paper which someone had sent, thinking it better than nothing.

The pictures had teased the curiosity of the Chinese and so the "angel" had to translate the brief stories which explained them. She had to more than translate, because Chinese do not think as others do, but she was making a good job of it as was evident from the merriment in the mummy's eyes and this, in turn, made Otilie happy.

Then, without warning, death struck at the "angel" and miraculously missed. All "Doc" Otilie knows is that something warned her that she had lost the attention of her one-man audience. Glancing at him she saw the mummy's eyes, bulging with horror, directed just above and behind her head.

There are many other things a woman in that situation might have done and all would probably have been fatal. Without the slightest hesitation, she did the only one that saved her. She threw herself sideways, just as a partly-carved wooden leg, swung as a club, swished down and smashed the stool on which she had been sitting. One of the rehabilitated soldiers had suddenly gone insane, something that has happened in all warring countries, but what instinct told her to do what she did?

As soon as the maniac had been overpowered, Otilie ran back to tell the mummy: "I read the message in your eyes. Thanks for saving my life."

Maybe it was telepathy or intuition, which some think is the same thing, or instinct or

just luck. The Chinese do not dispute about technicalities like that. They know that such things do not happen ordinarily and are satisfied that some sort of deity intervened. If you ask them why the good gods have not intervened to defeat the Axis powers, long ago, they answer:

"Good men do not understand bad men. Good men are slow and stupid about punishing bad men. The gods will let the war go on until the bad men have made all the good men in the world so angry that they will fix the bad men so that they can never do this again. Then the gods will let the war end."

The United China Relief, in their head offices at 1750 Broadway, New York, knew about Otilie. According to their reports, she alighted from the Shanghai Express a little more than five years ago on the arm of a handsome Chinese youth, Jen Wang.

Young Otilie Frankel, daughter of Jewish parents, was just finishing her second year of preliminary medical training at a German university when Hitler's persecution of her race caused her father to be sent to prison and her mother to a labor camp. She and Wang, a student at the same university, were already in love and planned to be married at the end of their course. Now the main problem in the girl's life was

how to escape from her native land before she would suffer the same fate as had her parents. Wang said that as his wife he believed he could manage it, and he did.

Wang, who had studied chemical warfare at the university, promptly joined the Chinese Army. A bare year later came the "incident" of the Marco Polo Bridge, at Shanghai, which began the Japanese aggression against China and a week after that Wang was marching with his regiment to the front. Otilie went to war, too.

In Shanghai, Robert Lim, a young Chinese doctor who had been trained in Scotland was frantically gathering up men and women who knew enough to staunch a wound or bandage a shattered arm without infecting it. What he was up against may be seen from the fact that when the war began there were only 6,000 trained doctors to tend China's 450,000,000 people.

Dr. Lim rushed Otilie north with a pitiful supply of drugs and bandages and assistants even more pitiful in their lack of experience.

It wasn't long before Otilie, at the age of 20, had become a surgeon, graduated from the school of necessity. The desperate cases accumulated faster even than the doctors could look at them. Was Otilie to let them die? The girl had seen what the doctors had done and now she imitated them. Why not? They would die anyhow. But most of them did not die. Her record was astonishingly good from the start and constantly improved.

The first description of "Doc" Otilie's personal appearance reached the United China Relief from an American missionary,

returning from Nanking. He had seen her in mid-November of 1937, when the city was already under fire of the Japanese siege guns. The Chinese Government, together with nearly all the wives and children of Americans, had long since evacuated the doomed city.

And then one day the missionary looked out of his window and beheld the apparition of a dainty-looking, beautiful girl, with jaunty air, striding up the street in the sky-blue uniform of a Chinese army lieutenant. She looked as if she had just stepped out of the chorus of a Broadway musical show, ignoring the stares of pop-eyed men. Otilie strode on into the Red Cross Headquarters. Without waiting time for introducing herself or other preliminaries, the girl began making demands in a voice of authority that received instant respect.

"I want this and this and this..." she rattled off. And she got it, as fast as the stuff could be rushed to her hospital.

Otilie's "hospital" they discovered to be an ancient Buddhist temple, that had been converted into a series of wards. Already the wounded from the battle raging nearby were arriving by hundreds, and being laid on benches, boxes, altars and floors. The wounded finally totalled 3,000 and to care for them all were only Otilie and six Chinese orderlies.

The city fell on December 13 but as that day approached, Otilie was so busy saving lives that she put off the horror of leaving the hospital until the night of the twelfth.

During that night, 3,800 men, including new arrivals, were removed by hand car, through a hole made in the city wall and onto an old barge on the Yangtze River.

Twelve days followed on the river, so afraid that Otilie's memory has drawn a veil over most of them, but others remember.

Not for a moment was the barge safe from bombs and bullets of Japanese aviators. Overcrowded, it soon reeked with the stench of blood and gangrenous wounds because Dr. Wang and her few helpers could do little more than get to them any food and water. Five hundred died, to be dropped over the side with scant ceremony.

With all his philosophy and determination, there is nevertheless a limit to what Chinese nerves can bear. One night after a bomb almost lifted the barge out of the water, Otilie ran below to see if any of the wounded had received further injuries. In the fetal darkness, five pan-crazed soldiers ran amuck, bent her up and might have killed her had not one of the still-sane wounded distracted their attention by firing his pistol.

Finally the ship of death, agony and madness reached safety at Hankow where the girl turned it over to the Medical Relief Corps of the Chinese Red Cross. There she learned that her husband had been killed in the defense of Shanghai. Also Otilie ran into Dr. Lim, who found her on the verge of collapse and ordered her to a reconstruction centre. Otilie refused to go until persuaded that she could be of value to the other patients.

Soon she was back again at her surgeon job.

"Oh, if someone would only tell the Americans what the Japanese are really like," she has heard people say thousands of times, and finally someone did. It was the Japanese themselves, saying it with bombs, in time of peace.



Assailing Chinese Wounded From the River Barges Which Have Run the Gauntlet of Jap Bombs and Machine-Gun Fire to a Place of Safety Behind the Lines. But Even There They Are Not Safe From the Jap Planes as Otilie Well Knows.

RIDIN' TRAIL BACK to the OLD WILD WEST

True Rip-Roaring Tales Told From Memory
by One of the Last Survivors of the Trail-
Blazing Era, When Bad Men, Worse Indians,
Express Riders, Gold-Hunters and Settlers
Wrote the History of Our Plains in Blood
and Punctuated It With Bullets



Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal. As
Deadly With a Six-Shooter As Any
Gun-Fighter in the Old West, Earp
Seemed to Be Looking for Trouble—
and Finding It. But He Was Always
the One Who Walked Away After It
Was Over.

Most of 'em died of lead poisoning
And some for the want of breath.
But of all the ways there was to die
They all took sudden death
—Old Western Poem.

By FRANK MURPHY,
Noted Plainsman, Trail Driver and
Indian Scout.

CHAPTER IX.

Wyatt Earp, "Badman's
Nemesis."

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THE Old West of my time saw a
lot of mighty brave men, fel-
lows who could look straight
into the face of a six-shooter and
hold their own.

Wyatt Earp was one of the
best. There were others who
filled that name, but I never knew
any but Wyatt. Red right back
into the line, and he'd do any other
man's work with his hands
swinging a sledge at his side, always close to
his hip—rips—and lived to walk out.

He was one of the cold, steady-eyed kind I've
been telling you about. He didn't say much, but
when he said it he meant it.

Wyatt wasn't a gun-waver. When he pulled
a shootin' iron it was just for one reason. Some-
body got killed and it wasn't Wyatt. That's why
he lived to die in bed.

He collected a lot of badmen empty-handed
because he knew even the worst of them lived by
the code—not to shoot 'til the other fellow went
for his guns, and not to shoot an enemy in the
back.

He probably was as fast on the draw as any-
body in the West and that takes in Wild Bill
Hickok, W. H. Hardin, Ben Thompson, Doc Holli-
day, Buckskin Frank Leslie and all the rest of
the famous gun-fighters.

The Texas cowboys and buffalo hunters just
about had Dodge City hog-tied when Earp was
called there to take the job as marshal.

He had a reputation. At Wichita he'd chased
Manny Clements and his bunch of gun-totin' cow-
boys out of town after they had started to take
the place apart.

So after Earp had corralled quite a bunch of



The Old-Timers Told Ed Schieffelin (Above) All He'd Find Back
There in the Arizona Mountains Was His Tombstone. So When
He Hit His Bonanza They Called It the Tombstone Lode, and When
the News Leaked Out the Rush to Tombstone Was On.

them that way the trail drivers put up a purse
of a thousand dollars for any man who killed him.
Clay Allison heard about that and headed
for Dodge, aiming to collect. He had been shoot-
ing sheriffs and marshals around towns in Colo-
rado and New Mexico so long for fun that he
figured it would be a change to kill one and get
paid for it.

Allison was the fellow who went to a dentist
in Las Animas one time to get a tooth pulled.
The dentist yanked out the wrong one. When the
gun-fighter discovered the mistake he turned on
the dentist, got him down and pulled a couple of
his teeth just to square things up.

Earp heard Allison was on the way to Dodge
to get him.

"I'll be here," was all he said.
Allison rode into Dodge early one morning.

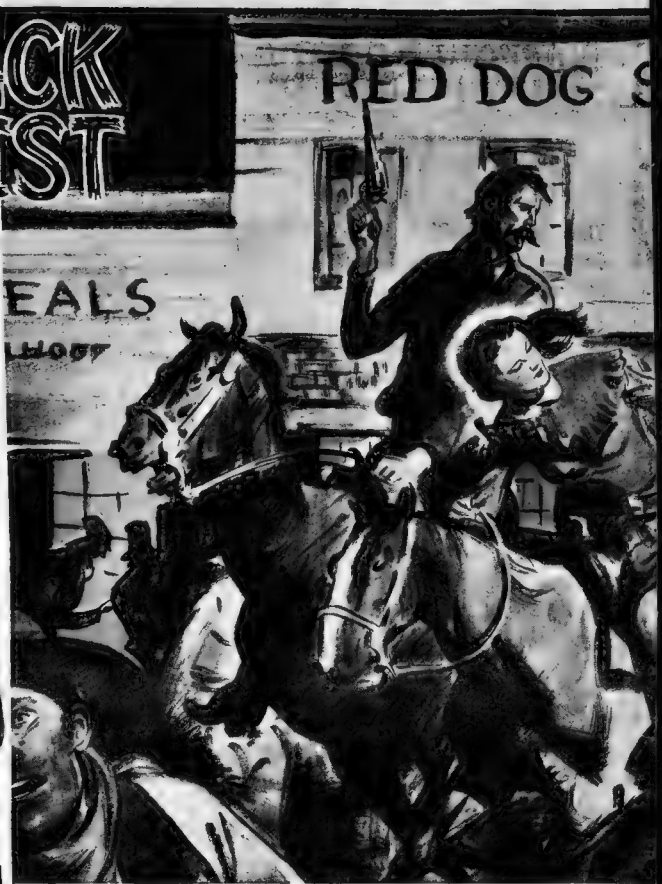
The streets were deserted soon after his arrival.
"Clay Allison's in town, gunnin' for Earp."
The news sent everybody hunting for cover. There
was liable to be too much lead flying along Front
Street for comfort.

Earp took his stand in front of the Long
Branch Saloon. He didn't have long to wait.
Allison swung around a corner and headed
straight for him. When the killer got even with
Earp he stopped.

"Yuh're Wyatt Earp, ain't yuh?"
"That's me," the marshal replied.

"I got some business to settle with yuh," Alli-
son said, edging closer to Earp all the time.

"What is it?"
"Yuh killed a pal o' mine an' I'm gonna—"
Allison talked too much. His brain couldn't



work his tongue and his hands at the same time.
Before he got through talking Earp had a
forty-four jammed in his ribs.

"Now get on your hoss an' get th' hell out o'
here." That was a long speech for Earp.
Allison backed away with his hands in the
air, climbed on his horse and headed back for
country where marshals weren't so quiet—and
tough.

A CLOSE kinship grew up in Dodge between
Earp and Doc Holliday—one the two-gun
marshal fighting for law and order, and the other
one of the West's worst killers. They were a lot
alike in some ways. Both were the quiet, easy-
going sort. Neither ever missed a move when any
gun-play was coming up.

Holliday was about the strangest character
that ever sprouted up around the frontier towns.
He was born down South and had all the airs of
a Southern gentleman, a tall thin-faced fellow
and a fancy dresser.

He started out to be a dentist. That's how
he got the nickname "Doc." He hung out his
shingle in Dallas, Texas, but the tooth-pulling
business was so poor Doc took up gambling.

He was cut out for that. He found he could
make a lot more money with a deck of cards than
he could with a pair of forceps.

It wasn't long before he killed a man in a
poker game. He headed for the Panhandle coun-
try. By the time he met up with Wyatt Earp
he'd put half a dozen men under the sod.

He could shoot a man as sick as he could
palm an ace.

When he landed in Dodge he had a woman
with him. Big Nose Kate was the only name I
ever heard her called. She wasn't as bad-looking
as her name sounds, but she was tough enough
to be a running mate for the toughest gambler
in the West.

Big Nose Kate won her spurs with Holliday
one night in a gambling hall down in the Pan-
handle. Doc was playing for high stakes with
another fellow who was pretty handy at rigging
a deck himself.

There was a row. Both went for their guns.
As usual Doc won the last trick.

They arrested Holliday before he could get
out of town. The crowd didn't like the play. It
began to look like there was going to be a neck-
tie party.

The marshal had Doc under guard in the hotel.
The mob was just about ready to bust in the
door when Big Nose Kate came running up the
street bawling: "Fire! Fire!"

Sure enough there was one. Kate had started
it.

The crowd forgot about hanging Doc long
enough to riot and put out the fire.

The minute the mob left the hotel Kate popped
in. She got close enough to Holliday to give him
a chance to jerk a six-shooter from under her coat.

"Resch! Yuh thornes!" Holliday had the two
guards covered before they could move. "Git
their guns, Kate."

With the guards disarmed, Doc and Kate

backed out the door. A few steps away were two
horses that Big Nose had waiting.

By the time the fire was out and the boys got
back to string up the gambler he and Kate were
miles away, splitting the wind toward Dodge City.

A LOT of old-timers never could see why Earp
took a liking to Doc Holliday, but I reckon it
was mostly because Holliday saved the marshal's
life one time in Dodge.

A bunch of Texans that Earp had buffaloed
earlier, cornered him one night when they were
shooting up the town. They got the drop on him
in the doorway of a Front Street gambling hall.

Two dozen six-shooters were leveled on him.
He knew he would be riddled if he made a move
for his guns. The cowboys were just playing with
him 'til they got ready to fill him full of lead. It
was the chance they'd been waiting for.

Suddenly a door flew open at Earp's back.
There stood Doc Holliday, a six-shooter in each
hand. He had been inside playing faro when they
rumpus started.

"Back up, yuh loughorn—!"

The play took the cowboys' eyes off Earp for
an instant. That instant gave Earp a chance to
draw and the crowd found itself facing two pairs
of the deadliest six-shooters in the West.

"Now drop them guns an' reach high." It
was Wyatt's turn to talk now.

The Texans could have killed both of them, but
they knew Earp and Holliday would go down
blazing and some of the bunch would go with them.

They didn't like the odds. The guns began to
drop. Hands went up. Fifteen minutes later the
whole gang was in the jug.

Wyatt Earp didn't forget that night. About a
year later he hit the trail when word came that Ed
Schieffelin had made a rich strike down in the
Arizona mountains.

That was Tombstone.

Doc Holliday was close behind him.

The place got its name from a warning some
soldiers gave Schieffelin when he was prospecting
out through the mountains. The country was full
of murdering Apaches, led by old Geronimo and
they were a savage lot, for sure.

"I'm findin' some likely lookin' specimens,"
Schieffelin said one day.

"Over in them mountains?" a soldier asked him.

"All yuh'll ever find over there's Geronimo—an'
your tombstone!"

That didn't discourage the prospector. He kept
on scrambling around through the mountains, pick-
ing at lodes here and there until he struck one of
the richest silver veins in the country.

Another bonanza. A second Comstock Lode.
When they got around to picking a name for the
new camp somebody remembered what the soldier
had told Schieffelin.

"Let's call 'er Tombstone." And Tombstone
she was.

It wasn't long before they had plenty of tomb-
stones there, too, and the six-shooters of Wyatt
Earp and Doc Holliday were responsible for quite
a few of them.



"The Mob Forgo
About Hanging Doc
Holliday Long
Enough to Run and
Put Out the Fire Big
Nose Kate Had
Started."

"The Minute They
Left the Hotel Kate
Popped In, Slipped
Doc a Six-Gun and
Together They Dis-
armed His Guards,
Racked Out the Door
and Sprang on a Pair
of Horses Kate Had
Waiting."

"By the Time the
Fire Was Out and the
Mob Got Back to
String Him Up, Doc
and Kate Were Split-
ting the Wind Toward
Dodge City."



tween outlaw rustlers and
outlaw smugglers, but as
soon as the mines at Tomb-
stone began sending out
their rich cargoes of bul-
lion, Curly Bill went into

the stage-robbing business.

That's where Wyatt Earp came in.
The Sandy Bob stage was rolling down
the canyon toward Benson one day. As
the coach swung around a bend at a nar-
row spot a masked man jumped into the
road ahead of the lead team.

"Throw 'em up!" The outlaw threw a
cocked shotgun down on the driver. Other
armed men leaped out of the bushes.

Bud Philpot was handling the reins.
Bob Paul was riding as express guard.
They were a little slow about getting their
hands up. One of the road-agents got
panicky and started shooting. Philpot
tumbled off the seat dead. Pete Roering,
a passenger, was killed.

The shooting scared the driverless
horses. They broke into a dead run and
left the stage robbers empty-handed.

When word of the holdup got back to
Tombstone the boys began mumbling in
their beards about Doc Holliday.

"They say Doc was one o' th' masked
men on th' Sandy Bob stage killin'."

"Yeh, Bob Paul says he recognized his
voice."

Wyatt Earp hit the trail after the out-
laws with a posse. His brothers, Morgan
and Virgil, and Bat Masterson went with
him. Virgil had been made city marshal
after Fred White was killed.

Another posse, headed by Sheriff
Johnnie Behan, struck out, too.

Now there wasn't any love going to waste be-
tween Wyatt and Johnnie Behan. Earp figured
Behan was too easy on the outlaws. The sheriff
was afraid Earp and his crowd were trying to run
the town. I reckon both of them were right.

It didn't help the bad feeling any when Behan
threw Doc Holliday in the jug. Things looked
pretty bad for the cold-nerved gambler. He'd been
pretty chummy with Bill Leonard, who turned out
to be one of Curly Bill's outlaws.

Leonard had a hand in the stage shooting all
right. Holliday had been missing that afternoon.
Behan got Big Nose Kate, Holliday's woman, to
sign a paper saying Doc had been in on the holdup.

Earp came to his old friend's rescue and got
him out of jail on bail. When they got Big Nose
Kate sobered up she swore she was so drunk when
she signed Behan's paper she didn't know what
was in it.

So the case against Holliday blew up, but the
bad blood between the Earp-Holliday crowd and
the Curly Bill-Clanton-McLowery outfit got worse.

The outlaws were itching for a showdown every
time they rode into Tombstone. They did a lot of
blustering around the saloons about how they were
going to cut down the Earp brothers and Doc Hol-
liday.

"Them Earps are gittin' a little too big for their
britches. We're gonna clean 'em out if they ever
try to lay hands on us."

That was the word that was relayed to Wyatt

(Continued on Page 14)



Aftermath of the Hottest Half Minute of Lead-Slinging the West Ever Saw. Bodies
of Tom and Frank McLowery and Billy Clanton, Tombstone Badmen, Laid Out in
Their Coffins Following the Famous Battle at the O. K. Corral With the
Earp Brothers and Doc Holliday. (From Rose Collection.)

TOMBSTONE was Virginia City, Alder Gulch,
Deadwood, Dodge and the rest of the frontier
camps all over again. Plenty of money, high-roll-
ing gamblers, dancehall gals, drunken miners and
plenty of fast-shooting gun-fighters.

Tough Nut and Allen Street were rimmed with
places that set out just about every brand of
gamestment a man could call for. The Crystal Pal-
ace and the Alhambra sported bartenders in white
vests. That was something new for wranglers and
miners, but the boys liked it.

The Can Can and the Oriental were two other
famous spots.

At one end of Allen Street was the Bird Cage
Opera House. It was laid out about like the old
Gem at Deadwood, a bar at one end, a stage at the
other, curtained boxes along the side, and benches
that were shoved back for an all-night hos-dance
when the performance behind the coal-oil foot-
lights was over.

Trouble was waiting at the hitching rack when
Wyatt Earp pulled into Tombstone. It didn't take
the old frontier marshal long to run into it either.
His six-shooters had the gun-fighters of the
Kansas cow camps pretty well curried down when
word of the rich strike in the southern Arizona
mountains set off the stampede that made Tomb-
stone the wildest town in the West for a few years
in the eighties.

When Earp swung down off the stage from
Tucson he had a deputy United States marshal's
badge pinned on his shirt. The badge was new
but the same old long-barreled six-shooters that

buffaloes the badmen of the cattle
trails were swinging from his gun-
belt.

The fireworks began one night
when Curly Bill and a bunch of his
outlaw friends started shooting up
the town.

Curly Bill was the ringleader of
a band of cattle rustlers and stage
robbers. They had been running
the country about to suit them-
selves from their hideouts in the
mountains and didn't see any rea-
son to change their habits just be-
cause a new camp full of fool min-
ers was springing up.

Fred White was marshal in
Tombstone. He hunted up Earp and the two of
them headed for Allen Street where Curly Bill and
his boys, roaring drunk, were blasting out the lights
as fast as they could load their pistols.

Leading the pack was Curly Bill. As White
walked up he grabbed for the outlaw's pistol. The
gun went off. A slug tore through White's middle.

But about the same time he hit the ground
Curly Bill went down with him, knocked cold by
a blow over the head from Earp's six-shooter.

White died. Curly Bill went free. They said
the shooting was accidental.

So Curly Bill rode out of Tombstone with noth-
ing worse than a ridge on his head from Earp's
pistol, but there was murder in his heart. Earp
was his sworn enemy from that night on. Noth-



Slightly Different End of Another Bad-
man, John Heath, Who Was Taken Out
of the Tombstone Jail by Irate Citizens
and Treated to a "Necktie Party."
(Photo Copyrighted by Frasers,
Phoenix, Cal.)



J. H. (Doc) Holliday, the Dentist Who Be-
came Famous Throughout the Frontier
When He Turned Gambler, Doc and
Wyatt Earp Were Among the Few Great
Gun-Fighters to Die in Bed. (From Rose
Collection.)

ing hurt a badman more than
a pistol whipping.

It was the beginning of a
feud that soon spilled a lot of
blood.

Curly Bill had been rust-
ling cattle for years. And he
was tied in with a bad bunch.
There was Old Man Clanton
and his three boys, Ike, Finn
and Billy. Tom and Frank
McLowery were mixed up
with them. Another one was
Johnnie Ringo. The outfit
had a lot of other confeder-
ates scattered all through the
canyons along the Mexican
border.

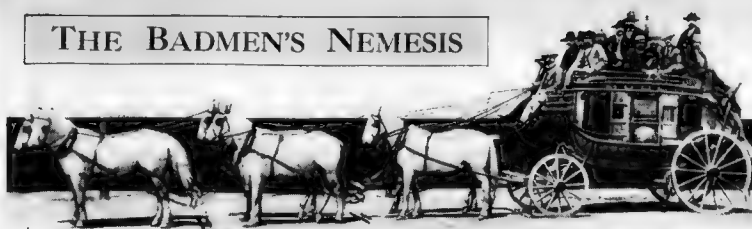
The Clantons had a ranch over in Skeleton
Canyon. That was the headquarters for the rustlers.
The canyon got its name because so many men
had been killed there and left for the buzzards and
coyotes.

At first the gang did most of its rustling across
the border in Mexico, driving herds across the line
and usually killing a few Mexican vaqueros on the
deal. Then Mexican smugglers started winding
through the treacherous pass with their pack-
trains loaded with contraband goods.

Those fellows were easy pickin's for Curly Bill
and his outlaws. Once they ambushed a smugglers'
outfit, killed about twenty and grabbed all their
stuff, worth thousands of dollars.

Nobody cared as long as it was just war be-

THE BADMEN'S NEMESIS



(Continued from Page 14)

and went to work. He didn't miss anything either. Maybe that big pair of six-shooters hanging at his sides had something to do with it, but anyway, he got a hatful of money, the biggest collection the church ever saw.

The next day Jim Burnett, the justice of the peace, leveled a shotgun at Curly Bill's head.

"Curly Bill, yuh're under arrest," Burnett said, "an' court's now in session."

"What for?" The outlaw was puzzled. He hadn't killed anybody for twenty-four hours at least.

"For disturbin' th' peace, interruptin' a church meetin', yuh're fined twenty-five dollars an' I'll have it right now."

Curly Bill paid up but it surprised him of going to church.

JIM BURNETT was about the same sort of a judge as Roy Bean, the Langtry saloon-keeper, who handed out his special brand of justice in the Big Bend country in Texas and was known as "The Law West of the Pecos." Court was in session wherever either one found a culprit.

Neither Bean nor Burnett needed law books. A six-shooter was good enough.

One time Burnett fined Jawbone Clark fifty dollars for being drunk in his own dancehall. Then the judge took a hand in a poker game that was going in the place. He backed into a full house with a pat flush. That cleaned him.

He got up and went back to Jawbone.

"Yuh're under arrest," Burnett told him.

"Yuh just got through arrestin' me," Jawbone spluttered, "an' I paid my fine."

"Well, I'm arrestin' yuh this time for disturbin' th' peace. Yuh're fined fifty dollars."



Entrance to the Corral in Tombstone, Where the Earps and Doc Holiday Treated the Supposedly Deadly McLosery-Clanton Gang to as Fancy a Half Minute of Lead-Slinging as the West Ever Saw.

Jawbone paid up and the justice of the peace got back in the poker game.

All the crimes that happened in Tombstone, though, didn't get as far as a justice of the peace. Necktie parties were as popular there as they were in the other camps when the law and order crowd figured justice was taking too long.

John Heath, a bailman, rustler and robber, was in the calaboose for practicing his trade. When they thought he'd been there a little too long a crowd took him out and strung him up.

Most of all the frontier justices had their own ideas about handling the law. Bob Wright, a Dodge City pioneer, in his story about the cowboy capital, tells a good one about a Dodge J. P., a man named Joyce.

A couple Irishmen, working for the railroad, got in a fight. One cracked the other over the

head with a crowbar and killed him. The slayer felt pretty sorry about it so he came in and gave himself up.

They took him before Judge Joyce to face a charge of murder.

"How do yuh plead, Mike, guilty or not guilty?" the praerie judge asked him.

"Guilty, yur Honor, I."

"Shut your damn mouth," the judge interrupted. "Yuh're discharged for lack of evidence."

Curly Bill's trip to church was something like the experience another preacher had up in one of the mining camps in Colorado.

This circuit rider pulled a Bible out of his saddle-bags and started up the gulch telling everybody he was going to hold a meeting to take a few whacks at old Satan, who sure was having things his own way.

The camp was full of wild women, gamblers and drunken

Photograph of the Last Trip of the Old Mador Stage-Out of Tombstone, Arizona. This Was the Famous Stagecoach Which Carried Bullion From the Mines and Offered an Irresistible Temptation to the Daring Road Agents of the Southwest. (From Rose Collection.)

miners. They didn't want an' gospel-shooter buttin' in. After the word got pretty well breezed around a delegation of the toughest sinners cornered the preacher.

"See here, parson," they told him, "we don't want any o' yur damn psalm-singing around here. We ain't shot nobody since day before yesterday, but we'll sure break th' quiet spell if yuh ain't trackin' down th' trail before sundown."

But the preacher was a pretty nerry cuss. He tried to keep out of sight, but he didn't leave town.

Before meeting time one of the maddest homies in camp a feller called "Daredevil Dick," hunted up the preacher. Dick's six-shooters had put half a dozen men under the soil.

"I'm goin' with yuh tonight, parson," he said. "Figure yuh had best need somebody like me to back yuh up."

The preacher faced a mighty onery crowd when he mounted the platform. But their yells quieted down in a jiffy when "Daredevil Dick" climbed up beside him and started talking.

"Now, yuh fellers listen t' me. I reckon yuh all know me. Yuh know I ain't no angel. I had to shoot Bill Sykes for killin' that boy 'cause th' young feller wouldn't play poker with 'em. Buckskin Joe an' Seven-up Pete were second on th' draw when I had a little argument with 'em. I bin cased by grizzlies, scalped by Indians an' shot a dozen times. Once I stumbled into a

quartz mill and run clean through it. But what was left of me panned out o' th' sluice box pure as a nugget. It was a good lesson to me."

Yeah, I bin tough an' I bin bad, but I figure every man's entitled to a chance an' I'm aimin' to see this preacher put his yuh're back n' your putols, amon' to lift this parson out o' camp. Well yuh ain't gonna do it. You had th' high hand in a 2-man at I'll lose th' first four that makes a bluff."

Tussell duck pulled a whooping big six-shooter out of his belt.

"Noboe's leavin' an' yuh're gonna get a load o' religion."

He turned to the preacher.

"All right, parson, letter go! An' give 'em hell! I'm right behind yuh!"

Well, with that sort of backing the preacher had brimstone bumping right under the crowd's feet before the night was over.

It never took much to cause a shooting in Tombstone. A couple of mining pardners, named Bradshaw and McIntyre, came to town one day to get some new duds. Bradshaw walked out of a store wearing a shirt that looked like it had been cut out of the middle of a rainbow.

Everybody he met as he strolled down Tough Nut Street has-haved at the sight of the shirt. Bradshaw didn't see what they were laughing at. He thought he looked pretty sporty.

"What's so damn funny?" he finally asked.

"That shirt!" the crowd yelled at him. "Wax yuh o' shuck-walla, yuh look like a cross between a peacock an' a gila monster."

Another whoop went up. "Well, I like it," Bradshaw was getting madder than a corned steer. "An' I'll kill 'em next that laugh!"

The crowd quieted down at that.

Bradshaw walked on to the corner just as his pardner popped out of a saloon. McIntyre took one look and started to laugh.

"Plum gorgeous!" McIntyre doubled up. "Beats a desert sunset. Where did yuh get it?"

He didn't finish the question. Bradshaw's six-shooter put a quick end to the fun. It cost him a pardner but he still had his loud shirt.

About the oddest fellow I ever knew about around Tombstone was Russian Bill. He tried his best to be a badman, but it was all put on. He did such a good job acting the part, though, that they finally hung him, just as a sort of favor to make him happy.

Russian Bill blew in packing a couple big shiny new six-shooters and torqued out in a white smonoero, doekun shirt, chaps,

(Continued on Page 20)

Here's New Hope for Loveliness!

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—based on advice of skin specialists!

At a time when every face on levelled skin is looking for the latest in skin care, the Camay Mild-Soap Diet is the answer. It's a diet that's as healthy as it is beautiful. It's a diet that's as simple as it is effective. It's a diet that's as gentle as it is powerful. It's a diet that's as easy as it is delicious. It's a diet that's as good for you as it is good for your skin.

Tonight—start the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Look what one feeding of VIGORO can do for your lawn!

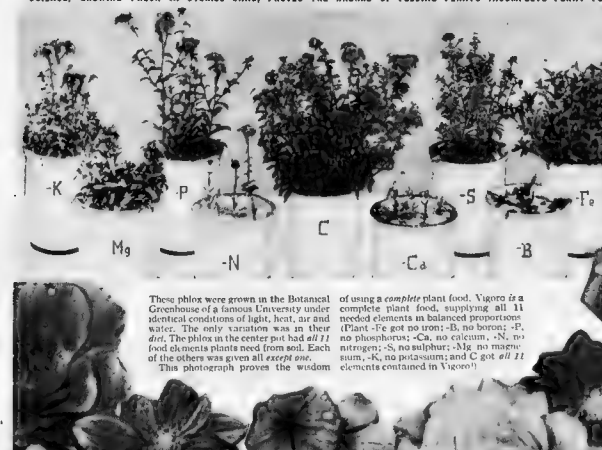
Amazing results for your grass... your flowers and vegetables

Here is startling proof of Vigoro's magic action! Part of the lawn shown here was left unfed, the rest was fed Vigoro. Except for that, no special attention was given to either area. In seventeen days this photograph was taken! Look at the difference! The Vigoro-fed grass is taller, more luxuriant, deeper green. And, stronger-rooted, its beauty is lasting.

Vigoro gives results like this because it does what incomplete plant foods can't do. A complete plant food, it supplies, in balanced proportions, all 11 food elements growing things need from soil.

This year have a beautiful lawn and lovely flowers around your home. And let Vigoro help you grow more vegetables and finer-tasting vegetables in your garden. For best results, economically, feed everything you grow with Vigoro! Your garden supply dealer has it. Give him your order today.

SCIENCE, GROWING PHLOX IN STERILE SAND, PROVES THE HAZARD OF FEEDING PLANTS INCOMPLETE PLANT FOOD



These phlox were grown in the Botanical Greenhouse of a famous University under identical conditions of light, heat, air and water. The only variation was in their diet. The phlox in the center pot had all 11 food elements plants need from soil. Each of the others was given all except one. This photograph proves the wisdom

of using a complete plant food. Vigoro is a complete plant food, supplying all 11 needed elements in balanced proportions. (Plant - Fe got no iron; B, no boron; P, no phosphorus; Ca, no calcium; N, no nitrogen; S, no sulfur; Mg, no magnesium; K, no potassium; and C got all 11 elements contained in Vigoro.)



THE COMPLETE PLANT FOOD FOR LAWNS FLOWERS SHRUBS VEGETABLES TREES

(Continued from Page 16)

over one eye it nearly fell off. "Thought you could bluff the old skipper, Con? I've called you. Tell with ore-boats. I've called your bluff and you'll sail after dark. Just you and me, son."

"And the Queen," Con said. "You, me and the Queen."

"That's outrageous," Ray approved. "That's the old Money-bag."

He flipped his hand to his cap. "Take another shower and a pot of black coffee. We got work to do, brother."

He swaggered out of the cabin. "And he called me nuts," Con muttered. He started back for the cold shower.

IV
RAY ELLIOTT tied the tug to the foot of the accommodation ladder, and went aboard the Carnival Queen surrounded by lights in quiet Biscayne Bay. Looking back, he saw his wife swooping down on his crew ashore. So long, boys. Bredtrel the engineer, had the crew in good gear. Crew gone, Clayton gone and he hoped George Clayton didn't get the crew into poker game. Felipe still aboard, and Con below saying good-by to La Jolyn. Well, Felipe need. I can handle Jolyn's luggage myself. Then, hand on the buzzer, he paused.

I am not kidding myself. I am going into this thing with my eyes open. I will never see those guys again.

Nobody is going to want us to make this voyage, except a few hundred poor mugs on Port de Vache who never did anybody any harm, who picked out the toughest place in the world to live—a place the rich, the talented, the smart didn't want and who are now being starved to death for their pains.

No, it is not that. I am making this trip because it is the money voyage a seaman can make. He smiled, and pressed the buzzer.

"Felipe," Ray said, "you were signed on at New York. But Mr. Conover wants to give you a break. He's giving you a month's pay, and a ticket back home."

"No, thank you, sir," Felipe said. "Please, Cap'n, I want to go to France with the ship."

Ray sat down on the port settee. "Felipe, we're going on a race to Bermuda, Mr. Conover and I. What's this claptrap about France?"

"Many, many are the times, sir, I hear the cap'n and Mr. Conover talk about their good friends at Port de Vache. Long time I have wanted to see Port de Vache. I know the cap'n and Mr. Conover, they have bought food to take to their good friends, and Felipe, I want to go along. I can cook, Cap'n, I can stand a trick at the wheel, I am very useful fellow. I have good head, I educated."

"You're an eavesdropping little squirt," Ray growled. He stared at Felipe and pondered. He was not going to let himself get out-thought by this steward.

Light dawned on the captain's brain. "So you want to go to France, son? Yeah? In a pig's right eye. What you want is for me to tell you about the voyage, so you can scurry ashore and squeal to that guy you been picking up tips for."

THE terror in his eyes told Ray he had struck home. Only it was possible that the terror was for past deeds discovered, not for future ones prevented.

"No, sir, you got me wrong. It was that sailor, Federan, the second A.B., Cap'n. I think may be I tell you, then I think no, better I mind my own business," Elliott nodded. "Well, then I'm sorry, Felipe," he said, "I misjudged you."

"Yes, sir, I am a very good steward."

"You sure are," Elliott said. "And I don't know how I ever thought we could get along without you."

"Yes, sir?"

The skipper scooped up his money sack, tossed it, put it in his pocket. "Sign the log, Felipe." At the steward's puzzled stare, Elliott's voice got firmer. "Here, I'll write it out: I am undertaking the new voyage of the Carnival Queen, to parts unknown, without register, in complete understanding that I am violating maritime law. I agree to share responsibility with Capt. Elliott, master, and Mr. Conover, owner. Signed, Felipe, steward. Just put your mark on it. Oh, I forgot you can write."

"Yes, sir." Sweat stood out on Felipe's forehead. Then he smiled, and signed his name. "Now you see you can trust Felipe, Cap'n, sir. I go see if Miss Jolyn, she's ready. I take her ashore, Cap'n."

"No," the captain said. "I'll handle that. And if I catch you near a boat—" He grinned, and went to rap on Con's door. "Hey, owner."

Conover came out, a mossy pocket gleaming brightly. "Hi," he led Elliott to the rail. "I'm having a little trouble with Jolyn. We may have to tell her the truth."

"Well, make it snappy, make

LOUISE WINS AN ALLY

it a snappy...We're carrying Felipe as far as the Bermuda; he tumbled ashore, too. I'll give him the egg when we get close to the islands...Hurry up with your dame, Con."

He prosed the galley, secured stuff, jettisoned stuff. The little steward appeared and started prowling after him.

Nervously, Ray ordered Felipe to the lazaret, locked him in. He left him a light, and by hurrying to the cockpit before the light went out, found the people and plugged it.

Again he rapped on Louise Jolyn's door.

Con opened it. The owner was carrying a drink, his face was getting that foolish look again.

Ray snapped: "You getting plastered again, Con? You've signed on for a voyage, remember already? You're just crew now, you're not owner any more. I order you to stop drinking."

Con raised his chin, and stepped out into the companionway. He shut the cabin door carefully behind him. "I got to kid Jolyn aboard, Ray."

Ray stared. "By Joe, Con, I think I'm getting you to sea just on time. You're gettin' so you get smart and crafty about reasons for gettin' plastered."

"I don't have to make anything of anything, Mr. Conover. Go to your quarters." He snatched the drink out of Con's hand, stepped to the door, tossed the glass through. It splashed in the Bay. "Go ahead, now to your cabin and put on your watch clothes. Take the next dog-walk on the bridge."

"Aye, sir."

Conover moved towards the owner's cabin. Ray watched him go, watched how careful Con was to walk stiffly and in a straight line; and felt a little scared. He tapped his cap down and slammed into Jolyn's room.

SHE was dressed in the same hostess coat in which she had eaten dinner. She was sitting up against the headboard of her bed. The reading lamp in the headboard played down on her red hair, and the effect was good theatre.

Ray said: "You packed?"

She shook her head. "No, sailor. No packie, no leave. I'm going alone."

Ray growled. "This isn't an act, babe. This isn't a brush-off. Con offered to go to loan you some dough, didn't he?"

She shrugged. "A couple of grand. Sure. But what's a couple of grand when your heart is breaking?"

"Toots, you haven't got a heart." Then he remembered he was trying to be tactful. "I didn't mean that. I get sure. You're a right guy. I know you won't talk until we're safe at sea. Listen, babe. We are not coming back."

She said: "I know that. I knew it when you prompted Con into heading for Port de Vache today."

He turned his back on her and looked through the port at Biscayne Bay. Dug to pull the hook pretty soon. Go out with the tide. Over his shoulder he said: "Me? It was his idea, sister. He shouldn't have told you, but if he did, he said it was his idea."

"I was there when it started. When you dropped in that name of Port de Vache, I knew you were up to something."

Ray said: "Sister, since you know, stop playing around. If you want more money, I'll get Con to give it to you."

"I don't want money."

"Then what? Not some kind of petriolium, is it? You're not trying to stop us for that?"

"I'm not stupid, Ray. It was the first time she had called him on the nose. "This has nothing to do with the war, and you know it. You're trying to get some food to some friends, is all. One trip and one little village, and it doesn't hurt or help anybody in the war."

"You're not stupid, Louise. So go ashore."

She said: "Come all on the edge of my bed. Come on. I'll not bite you, Captain. This you're doing this because you think it's better to lose your friend and your ship than to let them go ashore and be wrecked. There was a poem we learned in school in the little cold town where I was born. Something about harpies of the shore plucking the eagle of the sea."

"I always wondered what harpies were," Ray said.

"Me. I'm a harpy."

The Queen rocked a little. He turned his hand over so he could grasp her. "Louise, you got me wrong. I think it's an exciting trip, an adventure. That's all. I'm a sucker for excitement."

She said: "What chance have you got?"

Ray used his free hand to rub his head. "An awful good one of getting there. Awful good. The Queen's fast. I don't think there's any sea-going navy ship within a couple of knots of her. And once we get into the Channel, we may be able to talk our way into Port de Vache. You know? The Germans wouldn't stop us. The British aren't likely to care a heluva lot about Port de Vache."

"And of getting out again?"

He said promptly: "None at all. Not one in a thousand, ten thousand."

"I believe that, only I don't believe you can get there."

He shrugged again. "I'll sail her, too. You're not a hush, hand away and stood up."

She said: "If you'll tell me why you want to go, I'll show you why I want to go."

He looked around the cabin. "Get your stuff packed, see? I'm captain of this packet and, sure, I don't like that for you, too?"

She stood up, and she was careful with her skirt, and quiet in her walk as she went to the port he had been looking out of. She stared into the glass as she talked.

"It's like that for more people than you'll ever dream of, Ray."

"You want..."

"I want..."

"I want..."

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she threw the pillow at him, and the door closed.

Ray said: "I want to go, then, because it's the toughest trip a sailor can make."

"You want to get killed?"

"When you go on the sea for a living, you get so that the last thing you ever think of. My folks were harpies fishermen."

She said: "You make it sound half-witted, but I think I get what you mean." Her hands beat the silk counterpane. "Ah, Ray, go ashore! Con can make the trip."

"He could. He wouldn't without me."

"Maybe he would," she said, "for me. Con and I are the ones to go ashore. You're not a hush, you're not a harpy—you're a decent guy with a clear eye and..."

He said: "I got it. You don't like to draw a blueprint. So it's like that for you, too?"

She stood up, and she was careful with her skirt, and quiet in her walk as she went to the port he had been looking out of. She stared into the glass as she talked.

"It's like that for more people than you'll ever dream of, Ray."

"You want..."

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The lonely people, the lazy people, the people who inherited me thing—money or looks or a little cleverness with a musical instrument—so that they never had to do anything the hard way. Me and Con. Things are fat for me, kid. For a dame that's gotten by on looks, thirty is the deadline. It's downhill from then on."

She turned from the window, and put her arms around his neck. He stood perfectly still. She pressed her lips against his cheek. "That is for thanks," she said. Then her old manner returned, she slipped him on the back, and stepped away.

"Okay," Ray said. "I'm a sucker. But get some warm clothes on and report to the bridge. We're pulling the anchor."

He went outside and slammed the cabin door. The sucker of the ages. The sap of all times. Taking a dame on a voyage like...

But she'd nailed it right down. A woman could get sick of that trash ashore, too.

ELLIOTT stood to the wheel and kept her on the course. A dry pipe was clenched between his teeth; no smoking at night on the bridge. The glow from a...

(Continued on Page 19)

The rubber's foot is full of spring. He leaps and bounds like everything. If you'd your step with pep infuse. Wear Goodyear Heels upon your shoes!



Goodyear Heels are built entirely of Regenerated Rubber by a special process resulting from Goodyear's vast resources, scientific experience and machine skill. They are long and springy—they wear long—and they wear down evenly. Get a pair today!



(Continued on Page 19)



Billy's always mighty helpful when it's a question of something good to eat! Yes, he knows how downright delicious popovers are when spread piping hot with luscious Parkay Margarine—the margarine made by Kraft. Parkay is grand, too, on bread and biscuits, toast and rolls... you'll love its delicate, appetizing flavor!

AN ECONOMICAL ENERGY FOOD...
Contains Vitamin A

Wholesome, nutritious Parkay Margarine is rich in food energy—in fact it's one of the best energy foods you could serve! And to make it even better for you, Kraft adds Vitamin A to Parkay. 9,000 U.S.P. XI) units to every pound—making Parkay a reliable winter and summer source of this important vitamin. Parkay is a wholesome, vegetable margarine... made in Kraft's sanitary modern plants from carefully selected American farm products. Why not give your family the benefits of this delicious, highly nutritious energy food today?

For extra flavor in baking... use Parkay Margarine, too. Parkay is a genuine *flavor* shortening, not a bland, tasteless fat... it makes better tasting cookies, cakes and pie crusts because it tastes so good itself! And for smooth, luscious frostings, just cream Parkay with confectioners sugar and your favorite flavoring.

Add zest to non-fried foods... that's why so many good cooks fry foods like eggs, lean meats and potatoes in delicious Parkay Margarine. Parkay's delicate flavor makes cooked foods tastier, too. And you'll like pan-frying with Parkay—it doesn't spatter or stick to the pan.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING

FREE! COOKIE RECIPES!

Kraft Cheese Company Dept. X 500 Peshigo Court Chicago, Illinois

Please send my free copy of Cookie Craft containing 11 delicious Parkay cookie recipes.

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

HOLLYWOOD'S FEATHERED MOVIE STARS



Wilbur the Falcon Doesn't Know It—But He Has the Brightest Eyes of Any Hollywood Movie Star.

"shooting" is over, the gulls by order of the aforesaid game officials, have to be taken back and released at the place they were captured.

There are plenty of calls for other kinds of birds—crows, parrots, falcons, pigeons and doves—but these are comparatively easy to get and most of them are highly trained.

There are numerous animal trainers in Hollywood and some of these specialize in birds. One of the best among these are Ralph Lusk and Louis Comfort and the late David.

Lusk is the owner and trainer of "Pete the Pigeon," the only pigeon in the world. Pete was born in New Zealand and came to Lusk's possession when four months old. It required two years and considerable patience to train the bird the 49 tricks it possesses. Pete is now three years old and is as tame as a dog. He has appeared in many movies, his most recent appearance being in "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

Louis Comfort has trained hundreds of feathered actors and says his best chestnut pigeon is "Lost Fall" when he was asked to teach a flock of pigeons to assist Barbara Stanwyck in a strip-tease number.

The birds were to perch upon "the actress" and should be acting more or less as clothing for her beautiful figure. As I were to fly away, one by one at the call of a "stranger" in the audience.

Just when rehearsals were going along nicely the U. S. Army Signal Corps upset the arrangements. All trained pigeons were commandeered by the Army.

Curley Twoford and his brother David have about the biggest collection of trained birds and animals in Hollywood, yet a few short years ago neither of the boys had even the idea a movie it might.

Curly was a partially disabled war veteran who was making a decent living running a small garage, and his brother was in business up in the Northwest. Today their animal actors bring them in a steady income which, on peak days, sometimes almost amounts to \$100.

The flourishing business started five or six years ago, when Curley found a whimpering mother dog and her brood of half-dead puppies under an abandoned building. He had no money and the mortgage on his garage was about to be foreclosed. But he took the whole family home.

Food, warmth, and a little careful nursing restored the pups and their mother to vigorous life, and Twoford found homes for all but the runt of the brood, a puny female he called "Squeezit." He had worked harder over Squeezit than over the others and he couldn't give her away. Besides, he had lost his garage, had no job and plenty of time to teach the dog a few tricks.

Squeezit was intelligent as well as grateful, and when a neighbor gave Curley a pair of discarded love-birds, suggesting that he train them to ride on Squeezit's back, Squeezit cooperated to the utmost. Meanwhile, in order to provide dog biscuits, bird seed, and a few hamburgers for himself, Curley had been trying to get work in movie mob scenes.

America's Biggest Bomb Shelters?

MOST American towns are having a tough time figuring out a safe place for their citizens in case of an all-out bombing raid, but Rockaway, New Jersey is all set.

If and when deadly missiles come screaming from the sky, the 2,500 population will file down into stone chambers 200 feet below the surface. And there'll be room for that many more persons from the surrounding countryside.

Lucky Rockaway Township has been an iron mining center since before the Revolutionary War, and one mine, the Mount Hope, still produces metal for armaments. Recently at that mine an abandoned haulage tunnel was put into shape as a shelter, and three miles away, at the old Elmhurst mine, another similar place was fixed up.

These tunnels offer the greatest safety for the population, for they are eight feet square, are cut horizontally a thousand feet through solid rock and have been all fixed up with lanterns to guide anyone who has to suddenly make use of them.

Mr. Charles Jancza, chairman of the Rockaway Township Defense Council, says that, as far as council members know, these shelters not only are the largest in the State but in the whole country.

He wasn't having much luck until one day when he took Squeezit and the birds with him on his rounds of the studios. That night when he went home he still had no job—but his animal troupe did!

That was the turning point in the Curly Twoford establishment. Squeezit and the birds were so successful that Curly got some camera work and taught them tricks. A friend gave him a silk macaw which is one of his highest salaried performers today.

Then there's Jim the raven. You saw him in "Spring Parade" in which he told Deanna Durbin a fortune with cards, and more recently he supported Laurel and Hardy in "Great Guns."



Jim the Raven is One of the Best Known and Hottest of the Feathered Movie Actors and Picks Up Plenty of Money for His Clever Impersonations.

A glamour boy with a Clark Gable personality is Wilbur, the falcon. He appeared in "The Corsican Brothers" and other swashbuckling period pictures, and it was he who posed for the artist who made the bronze statuette of a falcon that was an important part of "The Maltese Falcon."



Some of Armida's Best Movie Scenes Were Almost Stolen by a Glorious Macaw That Knows What to Do in Front of the Camera.

Keep nice to be near!
Prevent underarm odor with MUM!

It's risky to trust a bath too long. Use Mum every day!



QUICK—10 seconds to apply Mum and underarms stay fresh for hours!
SURE—Mum prevents underarm odor without soaping or scrubbing.
SAFE—Mum is harmless to fabrics, won't irritate sensitive skin!

HOW QUICKLY popularity and charm can vanish at the least hint of underarm odor! It's wiser never to take chances—to use Mum every day and after every bath! Remember your bath takes care of post-perspiration but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor for many hours to come. Let Mum help you stay popular. Help guard your charm every day with gentle, dependable Mum!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
Product of Bristol-Myers

With a movie director who has the property department that he wants a lot of birds to use in a movie, you can't get another head-ant go to the beach at Santa Monica with some old-fashioned traps, baited with biscuits. The gulls walk into the traps—and into the movies. A day or two later when the



HELP MAKE AMERICA STRONG

I'M DOING MY PART...
GROWING UP STURDY AND STRONG

NO CROSS, DIFFICULT SPELLS... not for this fellow. He's a future "middy"! A husky, happy Scott's Emulsion baby. Many doctors recommend this great vitamin-rich tonic for aid in promoting proper growth and developing sound teeth. For children who are deficient in Vitamins A and D, Scott's Emulsion will also help build up resistance against common colds and other minor winter ills. Give Scott's Emulsion to your baby now and watch him thrive!

Scott's Emulsion is 4 times as rich in Vitamin D as cod liver oil. Good tasting and economical. Scott's Emulsion is highly recommended for adults too, especially for convalescents recovering from illness. Buy today at your drugist!

SCOTT'S EMULSION
A Great Year-Round Tonic For All Ages

HOW TO
FIGHT HEADACHES
3 ways at same time!



Get after Headache's Vicious Circle this proved, sensible way

• A headache disturbs your nerve system; with tummy nerves often goes an upset stomach, in turn affecting the pain in your head—thus making a "vicious circle." Here simple-acting pain relievers may still leave you feeling dull, sickish. Today millions get after headache's

"vicious circle" with Bromo-Seltzer, because it acts 3 ways at the same time; not only helps stop pain, but also calms nerves and settles stomach. Next time, try Bromo-Seltzer! See what a difference it makes!

*Use only as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.

BROMO-SELTZER

"The Hollywood Stars use it—
I use it, too..."

this beauty soap
with ACTIVE lather!
say lovely girls everywhere



YOU want a Romance Complexion!
Try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days!

THEY'RE PRETTY—they're popular—these clever young things who follow the screen stars' tip and take regular daily Active-Lather Facials with Lux Toilet Soap. Barbara Stanwyck tells you how: "First you pat the lather lightly in. Then rinse with warm water, a dash of cool. Pat lightly to dry. Now skin feels smoother—softer!" You'll find this simple care really works. Let it help you have the kind of skin that wins—a lovely Romance Complexion!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY
Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then cleanse and soothe them with the quick, easy way—use **MURINE**.

WHAT IS MURINE?
Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—a safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES • CLEANSSES • REFRESHES

WALK AWAY YOUR CORNS



JUST imagine! Now you can actually help remove corns without surgery! First, the soft felt pad lifts off of pressure. Then the Blue-Jay medication gently loosens the corn so that in a few days it may easily be removed. Blue-Jay costs very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug and color goods counters.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK CORN PLASTERS

CAN A MARRIED WOMAN EVER FEEL CERTAIN?

Many married women take unnecessary risks with their nerves, health, happiness. Why? Generally because feminine hygiene is considered too personal to be discussed. And so, many women use over-the-counter solutions of acids for the douche which can actually burn, scar and even denature delicate tissue.

Today such risks are needless. Science has given women a safe—yet amazingly powerful—liquid for the douche. Zonite. So powerful is Zonite, it kills instantly all germs and bacteria with which it comes in contact. Douchettes—by actually destroying odors, leaving no telltale odor of its own. Protects personal cleanliness. Yet Zonite is non-caustic, non-poisonous, safe for delicate tissues. Over 20,000,000 bottles already bought. For modern feminine protection you may never have known before, get Zonite at your drug store today.

Free Book Tells Intimate Facts
Get frankly written booklet "Feminine Hygiene Today" mailed FREE in plain wrapper. Write: Zonite, Dept. 500C, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

AFTER 40—To Enjoy Life More Try Stepping-Up Your Liver Bile Flow—This Sensible Easy Way.

Why let yourself look and feel dejected, worried—old before your time? Be clever—Be Smart! Kruschen may be when you want to look and feel young. Snap out of it! Get a bottle of Kruschen and use it as directed. This famous English product takes its responsibility in a cup of water hot or cold half an hour before breakfast and keep it up for 30 days. Now you'll know what it is to feel up, feeling fit and ready for a real day's work—feel that you look attractively healthy and full of energy and pep.

Kruschen Salts BACKACHE?

Don't be discouraged if a nagging, painful backache has been the need of what doctors call "rheumatism." It's not a disease, it's a symptom. It's a sign that your body is out of balance. It's a sign that you need to get rid of waste and toxins. It's a sign that you need to take Gold Seal Tablets. Try them as directed. You may find you're not so "backache" any more. You may find you're not so "backache" any more.

GOLD MEDAL CAPSULES When You Buy Kruschen
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the mightiest of magazines

CONOVER COMES BACK

(Continued from Page 17)

Pike might blind a man who had to be quartermaster, bridge officer and lookout all at once. They had cleared the Bay and were making it out through the keys. There was no roll to the ocean yet but there was a low, gray pitch. Just enough to raise her brow and slap it down again, a cheerful nose to her captain.

She handed easily and well. The binocular light was bright. Twelve went on the clock, and he struck eight bells. Instantly there were feet on the main deck as he was steering from the flying bridge and then on the companionway.

Con carried coffee. Ray gave him the wheel; and groped for the coffee table, set the heavy pot on it, and got sugar and canned milk out of the drawer. He drank his coffee while he told Con the course. They were getting deep water now; he warned Conover about asking for relief if he got sleepy and went below, whistling.

Lou Jolyon was struggling with a sack of sugar. He went to her, saying: "Let that go, I'll end Felipe," and kept on, getting the padlock key out of his pocket. He unlocked the lazaret and slipped back; he was wearing no gun.

Felipe's face was green. The captain said: "Get aft, steward. You work or it's mutiny. We're on the high seas."

"This plenty illegal voyage, sir. You get in trouble for this." Ray Elliott with one hand lifted Felipe clear of the deck, and shook him until the green faded from his cheeks and a delicate pink took its place. Then he set him down, and said: "Your barrow's in the lazaret there. Get to work on the cargo. All sacked goods in Stateroom B." The captain turned on his heel, and started forward. Then he whirled, fast, and crouched. Felipe had a knife out, a long, shining blade, adequate to skin a bear.

Why The Inch Is Longer Than It Used To Be

SOUNDS unbelievable but the inch is getting longer. The standard unit of measurement that everyone thought couldn't possibly grow has, so the National Bureau of Standards in Washington admits, been doing some "stretching."

As time goes on, our mountains, islands and other land areas shift their positions a bit and the standard inch is made of platinum and iridium, has been doing a little wandering too.

Scientists have been checking up on the inch measurement used 50 years ago and the one in use today and they have discovered that the modern inch has grown two microns or a four-millionth of an inch.

Many factors have been responsible but the main ones are hard usage of the measurement, climate and other outside elements. To make matters even worse, the world's standard meter bar, which is kept at the International Bureau of Weights and Measures in Paris, is likewise believed to be extending itself. This news came from a recent report of Dr. Lyman J. Briggs, Director of the Bureau of Standards to the Smithsonian Institution.

Such change, however, should occasion no concern. The part of the housewife buying yard goods in the dry goods store or the maker of the home-made dress for hardware. About the only persons who have to busy themselves with the change are the researchers who constantly deal with the problems of maintaining our standards of measurement.

But even they don't have to get excited for there's always a course of last resort that sets them straight. Sometime ago a smart researcher made the discovery that every element when humiliated throws off a light of a certain wave length.

So the scientists, experimenting around, discovered that the red light given off by cadmium had a fixed length of 645.1696 Angstrom units. This strictly scientific unit, equivalent to a ten-millionth of a millimeter, enables the mathematician to establish beyond a doubt the right length of the inch.

"Why, Felipe? How did a little bit of a folk like you get to carry such a wicked-looking big knife without me seeing it?" He was facing the stern. The little man waited with his big knife. And the captain waited. Suddenly he heard the sound of the Jolyon's voice: "What is it, Ray?"

He said: "G'wan away. This is how to take a big knife away from a little man."

The girl examined as she caught sight of the knife in the steward's hand. "Watch him!" she warned the captain. The skipper seized Felipe by the blouse. "Next time you pull a knife, use it right away. Don't wait, son," he said to the steward. Felipe backed. Ray came a step forward. "Throw it overboard, Felipe."

The steward yelled and the knife was a shining arc going out into the Atlantic under the electric light.

Felipe stood there, mopping his face with his shirt sleeve, and Ray turned on his heel. "All the sacked stores in Stateroom B, steward," he called.

He turned his back on the

steward and reached for the roll of the companionway. And then stepped back and Lou Jolyon came tumbling down the way in her hand a port-handled revolver.

She said: "I'm going to get this" and her eyes were wide. She backed past the captain, Felipe, and the nose of Felipe's barrow beginning to move stores told him what she saw.

"Anyways thanks, kid," said Ray dropping his hand on her shoulder, pressing it for a moment. And for the first time he saw something in her eyes he had not seen there before.

He started for a moment, then went past her. He was beginning to sweat a little, and it was not from the trouble with Felipe.

(To Be Concluded Next Week)
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PARK & TILFORD Face Powder

Have You Discovered this Beauty Secret?

The beauty secret of the century is the face powder that has everything! That face powder is **Park & Tilford** "Vacuum-sealed" to superfineness... That's why it spreads so evenly—lays on for hours. Smartest edges. Try it—today! In \$1, 50c, 25c and 10c sizes of drug, department and 10c stores.

Smart women also use **Park & Tilford** PERFUMES, COSMETICS, LIPSTICKS, ROUGES & PERFUMED DECORANT.

THE FACE POWDER THAT HAS EVERYTHING

Ever Serve Dishes That Are Different?

HOW do you prepare them? Maybe you follow a recipe handed down by your mother or grandmother that adds extra-goodness to a usual, ordinary dish. Why not let others share your secret?

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY pays \$5 for each recipe selected for use in the "Housewife's Food Almanac"—on the second from the last page of this and every issue. Turn to that page for details!

FOR THE CHILD WHO LACKS THE "URGE" TO EAT

Is Thin and Nervous--Modern Science Points to

NEW IMPROVED OVALTINE

YOUNG MAN, YOU'LL EITHER EAT THOSE VEGETABLES AND DRINK THAT MILK OR YOU'LL GO STRAIGHT TO BED!

I DON'T CARE! I HATE THOSE OLD BEANS AND I DON'T LIKE MILK!

BUT DARLING -- YOU MUST EAT -- OR YOU WON'T GROW UP!

WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, SUE! EVERY DAY WE READ MORE ABOUT THE IMPORTANCE OF PROPER FOOD -- AND WE CAN'T EVEN GET TEDDY TO EAT A DECENT MEAL. LOOK HOW SKINNY AND JITTERY HE IS!

I'LL GO SEE THE SCHOOL NURSE -- SHE MUST KNOW WHAT TO DO!

AND YOU SAY YOU ALWAYS ADVISE NEW IMPROVED OVALTINE FOR CHILDREN WHO EAT POORLY -- ARE NERVOUS AND UNDERWEIGHT?

YES -- YOU SEE MANY CHILDREN EAT POORLY BECAUSE THEY DON'T GET ENOUGH OF THE APPETITE VITAMIN B₁ -- WHICH OVALTINE SUPPLIES--

AND BESIDES -- OVALTINE PROVIDES FOOD ELEMENTS CHILDREN NEED TO GROW NORMALLY AND HAVE SOUND NERVES -- ALSO OTHER VITAMINS AND MINERALS TO PROTECT AGAINST CERTAIN FOOD DEFICIENCIES -- TROUBLES THAT AFFECT SO MANY OF OUR CHILDREN TODAY.

LATER

DAD, CAN I HAVE SOME MORE CARROTS AND SPINACH AND NON -- SOME MORE OF THIS SWEET OVALTINE, PLEASE.

SAY -- WHAT'S HAPPENED? YOU'RE EATING LIKE A REGULAR TROOPER.

HOW THIS "PROTECTING" FOOD can safeguard your Child's Health

FOR her child's welfare, every mother should know this. As recent news articles have reported, science and our government have discovered startling facts about child health.

For science has proved that certain vital food elements—absolutely necessary to normal growth and development—are frequently deficient in our ordinary foods. So frequently deficient, that one-third of our people in all walks of life don't get enough of them for normal health, according to official government reports. And most important, these deficiencies often occur where they are least suspected—are now known to cause many heretofore baffling conditions, including poor appetite, nervousness, lack of weight.

Naturally millions of mothers are alarmed by this news. For serious things happen when these elements are lacking. For example, if a child doesn't get enough Vitamin B₁ he can't have good appetite or sound nerves. Lack of certain other elements results in stunted growth—soft, crooked bones. Bad teeth. Impaired sight. Loss of strength.

All this may be news to the public, but for many years Ovaltine has pioneered the need of supplementary food. And in step with new knowledge, Ovaltine has been steadily enriched in its important food elements—including those most frequently deficient in ordinary foods.

Thus today, thousands of mothers are giving their children new, improved Ovaltine religiously—to end and pre-

vent common food deficiencies. More than a mere "jammy carrier," Ovaltine supplies a wider variety and wealthier important food elements than any single natural food. Three glasses daily give a child not only all the Vitamins A, B, and D he needs—but also all the Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron, significant amounts of complete, high-quality proteins—and quick-energy food elements. Use riboflavin—and the new-found vitamins pantothenic acid and pyridoxin.

So with a glass of Ovaltine added to each meal you don't have to worry—your child's practically certain to get all of these food elements he needs for hearty appetite, sturdy growth, sound nerves—for vigorous, glowing health.

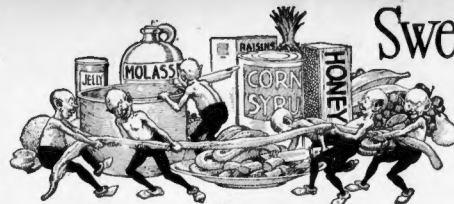
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Please send free samples of Regular and Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine, and send me information every mother should know about certain new-found miracles of food. One sample offer to a person.

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OVALTINE
THE PROTECTING FOOD DRINK



Sweetening War-Time Meals

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THESE sweet foods are being called to the colors in the kitchen defense of America today: honey, molasses, corn syrup, maple syrup, sweet fruits—particularly oranges, raisins, dates, prunes, figs, bananas, fruit juices, milk, and the cereals as a group. Take your choice of sweeteners. They're all good and leave nothing to be desired.

Honey is the oldest of the world's sweets, and since Biblical times has been used as a symbol of abundance—"A land flowing with milk and honey." Honey is in no sense a sugar "substitute," but is Queen in its own right, and there are literally hundreds of recipes featuring only honey as the sweetener agent of cakes, cookies, pie, frosting, sauces, as a beverage-sweetener, etc., if used properly.

Honey is 75 per cent sugar—technically known as levulose or fruit sugar, and dextrose or grape sugar. The distinguishing characteristic of these two special sugars is the ease and rapidity with which they can be assimilated into the bloodstream. That is why honey is often used in a baby's milk formula, or given to invalids, and almost always stipulated in any special health diets.

The easiest way to use honey is by the "drizzling" method: Place the honey jar or can in warm, not hot, water, for 10 minutes, so it will pour in a thread into your coffee cup, over your cereal, French toast, or pancakes. Dilute thick honey with equal parts of warm water as sweetener for any beverage requiring sweetening.

To sweeten stewed fruits, simmer them until tender and add this honey while they are still hot, removing from the heat. Pour a small amount of thinned honey over fruit salads a half-hour before serving, then stir fruits and the juices which have been thus blended.

In using honey in cakes, cookies, etc., follow the recipe especially prepared for its use, since the water content of honey must be taken into account in replacing dry sugar. Generally, the amount of other liquids in the recipe must be sharply reduced.

The most economical way to buy liquid strained honey is usually in a one-pound or five-pound can or bucket.

The woman who feels lost because she thinks she will not be able to make her favorite cake frostings should cheer up and follow this simple one made with honey:

Uncooked Honey Cake Frosting:
Beat 1 cold egg white with ½ teaspoon salt. Gently drizzle

in 1 cup this warmed honey while beating, continuing beating until all honey is used and frosting is stiff. Use unfavored or add few drops vanilla or almond. Consistency is much like familiar seven-minute marshmallow frosting.

MOLASSES is another old-time sweetener which the Pilgrim Mothers used almost exclusively to sweeten their famed Indian puddings, cakes, candied sweets, baked ham, pumpkin pies and other dishes of gourmet deliciousness. As is often asked, which came first—sugar or molasses? For whole-juice molasses, as every housekeeper knows, is the syrup squeezed from sun-ripened sugar cane, boiled down, and containing all the vitamins, minerals and sugars of the original juice.

When we again begin to bake and cook with molasses, we are merely returning to an earlier, natural food-sweetener which, as well as satisfying our craving for sweet, provides the user with a generous store of food iron, of the type which the body can best use for making red blood and preventing anemia or a deficiency of red blood and stamina.

Let the children have molasses as a spread for their frequent "ween-meals" snacks; let them make wholesome molasses taffies and simple candies at home; use it to sweeten baked apples and other acid fruits; use it to flavor and sweeten gingerbread, cookies and many delicious desserts. Here are some easy suggestions.

Gingerbread Tea Puffs: Cream ½ cup shortening with ½ cup white sugar and add 1 beaten egg. Add ½ cup molasses slowly and beat well. Sift together 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon baking-soda, 1½ teaspoons ginger, and add alternately with ½ cup milk. Bake in greased square pan, or in cup-cake pans, in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, for 20 minutes. Serve hot, topped with molasses frosting made by combining 2 tablespoons molasses in 1 cup whipped cream. Serve immediately. Makes 12 large cup-cakes. Delicious for the home dessert or to tuck into any lunchbox.

A few added facts will interest every home-maker: One cup old-fashioned molasses will give just as much sugar and sweetness as 1 cup granulated sugar. 3 cup molasses contains about 4 tablespoon of moisture. In making a large amount of batter, say for waffles, this moisture may be disregarded and the molasses used exactly like sugar; in handling smaller amounts of batter for cakes, etc., it is well to remember

that 1 cup of molasses softens a batter as much as do 4 tablespoons of water. Handle recipes accordingly. When using molasses in baking, for each cup of molasses use ½ teaspoon baking-soda.

CORN SYRUP is another natural food-sweetener with a very high food energy value. Its thick golden (or white) syrup may substitute for sugar in the mix of any batter, waffle, bread or cake; or it may be used to sweeten cereals and baked fruits, to give sweetness and consistency to frozen desserts, or to add richness or energy value to beverages, particularly the glass of milk all youngsters enjoy when very sweet and flavorful; also, to make velvety-smooth candies of every type.

Corn syrup never returns to a granular form under extreme

heat (as in candy-making), or under extreme cold as in making ice cream and all frozen mixtures; hence it can be counted on to "stabilize" such mixes and give them smooth, non-splintery perfection of eating enjoyment.

Most fruits have a large percentage of sugar in their composition, oranges being a fine example of a fruit whose juice is so sweet with natural sugars that a glass of orange juice can be counted on as a quick "peppery" at any hour. When feeling fagged, low or otherwise depleted, take a double glass of freshly-extracted orange juice. Canned, unsweetened juices, too, contain lots of natural sugars, and can similarly satisfy a craving for sweets, with a bigger lift to add richness or energy value.

Of the sweet, starchy type, corn affords more sugar content than does the banana—starch sugar at its best, especially when the fruit is eaten deadripe, showing flecks of brown on the skin. Let the children eat

plenty of ripe bananas between meals, or cut up with sliced oranges, or baked for twenty minutes in a syrup made with honey or corn syrup poured over the fruit before baking. THAT will fill them up!

Carrot juice, either plain or combined with apple juice, lemon or grapefruit juice, is another food drink on the sweet side. Taken between meals, or if an egg is beaten into it, taken as a meal (especially to the woman guarding her waistline), carrot juice rates as a health drink of the good sugar type.

The writer may say, in passing, that every day she enjoys a full glass of canned carrot juice modified with lemon between a light breakfast and lunch. When a "blackout" comes, the users of carrot juice will grade higher in visual alertness.

Now, even if you do use some granulated sugar, keep this tip in mind: Watch sugar waste in coffee cups, loupes, or anywhere else.

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PENETRATES THE FABRIC PROTECTS THE FIBRES
ALL GROCERS SELL LIMIT



Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money-saving hint to share with the Almanack? Such ideas are worth sharing with our readers, and the Almanack wants to print the best of them. For each such hint sent in and used in the Almanack, we will pay \$1. You may send as many as you wish. Hints not used cannot be returned. Please keep them short and to the point and address: ALMANACK HINTS EDITOR, Grand Central Annex, New York.

ARTIFICIAL
My ladies club admires my artificial fruit and suggests I send this hint to you. I wash all my artificial fruit in lukewarm mild

IF YOU CAN'T SEND COLD-STUFFY NOSE TO PALM BEACH...
you can open the way to new freedom from sniffly clogging Just sniff a whiff of Penetro Inhaler vapors—and sniff those cold-clogged miseries out of the way. Sniffing vapors bring you nose-happy freedom.

25 PENETRO INHALER

PARENTS! NURSES! For Externally Caused ADOLESCENT PIMPLES
Why Not Suggest CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Cleanse with pure, mildly medicated Cuticura Soap and apply soothing Cuticura Ointment. It will relieve unsightly, externally caused skin blemishes. Buy at your drugstore.

soap suds. I rinse them and dry them and put a small amount (any kind at all) of cold cream on my hands and rub lightly over each piece of fruit. It not only gives them a glossy appearance but, a very nice odor as well. They almost look real, grapes, oranges, etc.

Mrs. Wm. Mills, Pontiac, Mich.

FREEZER
When storing an ice cream freezer for any length of time, rub the inside and outside of the can with lard. This will prevent it from rusting. It can easily be cleaned with hot water when you want to use it again.

Mrs. Nevin Troutman, Herndon, Pa.

CRISP
To prevent a vegetable salad from becoming sodden when it has to stand for a few hours, place a saucer upside down on the bottom of the bowl before filling it with salad. The moisture will run underneath and the salad will remain fresh and crisp.

Mrs. James Sheehan, Alden, N. Y.

REWAXING
To re wax your linoleum—first the old wax must be removed completely, as old wax (liquid, quick-drying) left on has a tendency to appear cloudy through the next wax. For best results I've found that applying soapy water and then rubbing the floor lightly with a handful of fine steel wool will bring up all the old wax. Wipe up with clean water, let dry and re wax.

Mrs. Geo. Picha, Cleveland, Ohio.



YOUR FOOD LOOKS DELICIOUS SERVING IN SPARKLING PYREX WARE

THRILLING NEW "American Dishes" Pyrex teapots. Makes perfect teas. Watch it brew to the right strength. Easy pouring spout. No annoying drip-back. Lock-on cover. You can see that it's clean! 6 cups. \$175

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Get these modern utensils at your favorite Pyrex ware store today!

LIKE PIET You'll like it even better when you bake in Pyrex pie plates! (Some good cooks won't have any other kind in the house.) You get flakier crusts, and save on fuel! Never any "carry over" of flavors, or rancid taste, because glass cleans clear in a jiffy! You'll want more than one 9½ in. size. 25¢

YOU'LL BE PROUD of the roasts you cook and serve in your Pyrex utility dishes! Holds a good sized roast with vegetables. Bring the whole sizzling tempting meal right to the table in the dish it was cooked in! Think of the dishwashing you save! 10½ in. size. 50¢

LOAF PAN (shown above) can be used for bread, meat loaves, cakes, and many other purposes. 1 qt. size, only 45¢

FLAMEWARE makes you a better cook!

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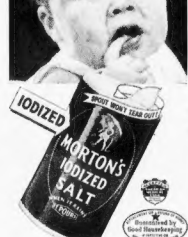
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if your family consists of adults!

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You know that your gray hair is the enemy of romance? Well, it is! The secret has been discovered! It's in the hair! The secret has been discovered! It's in the hair! The secret has been discovered! It's in the hair!

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THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

Great Circulation in the World



By MARY LEE SWANN, Buffalo, New York

Backyard "Weeds" for the Dinner Table

What prompted me to write to you, was an article in the "Don't Kill These Weeds—You Can Eat 'Em." When spring comes around again go out into your own back yard or the fields near your home and pick some of them while they are young and tender, the Burdock, Milkweed, dandelion, wild mustard, horseradish and lots of others.

Dandelion Greens.
Prepare a mess of dandelion as you would home grown lettuce. Pick them early, wash thoroughly, slice an onion thinly over top, season with salt and pepper, and pour a few tablespoons of olive oil, or any good salad oil with a few drops of lemon juice or vinegar over top of all. Toss lightly and serve.

"Something Like Spinach."
Milkweed and wild mustard, is prepared very like spinach; pick over and wash thoroughly. Shake all water out of it and cook over very low heat. (I use my waterless cooker). Drain, and season with a little olive oil, salt and pepper or with butter, or pour chopped, crisped bacon and vinegar over top. Burdock, and this is a favorite with my family. I can't give them enough of it when it is in season. Dig the plants out of the ground a little below the earth, so that you get about an inch of the root.

Cut off all the leaves, scrape the root, and stir stuff as you would rhubarb, (there won't be many if picked young and tender). Cut through the root, wash thoroughly, and cook in boiling salted water, until tender. Drain. The stalks that stay together can be rolled separately in

cracker crumbs, and egg, and again in cracker crumbs and fried in oil or any other shortening, until golden brown. All that have fallen apart, shake up in a clean bag with flour.

When floured well place all together in frying pan with a little shortening. Fry lightly on first side then the other.

Boat up an egg or two with a little milk, pour over burdock in pan. Fry over low flame, shaking pan gently until egg is set, turn out on plate. Slip back into pan on other side and brown egg on that side. Turn out on plate and serve. I guess you can call this a burdock omelette.

Put a few mint leaves into your sauce that you are going to prepare for spaghetti. It gives it quite a different, and piquant flavor.

I could write so many recipes for these "weeds" but these are the simplest to prepare. Get your spring tonic and all the vitamins you need right from your own back yard, or the field in your neighborhood.

These may not be prize winners, but I'd like everyone to know about the uses of these plants, and how delicious they really are, when you know a few simple ways of preparing them. They will discover a new food field and will enjoy them.

Below is printed another dandelion recipe which illustrates one of the many uses of this plant, suggested by Mrs. Coles—The Editor.

DANDELION EARLY SPRING TREAT

"BEFORE long now in many parts of the country people will be enjoying this early spring treat," writes Mrs. Harold Kreitzer, Wilder, Idaho. "As I came from a long time in finger licking cooks (and according to Shakespeare they are best!) I was taught this recipe by the "put some in" method. However, I have prepared them so often that I feel certain I can pass it on accurately."

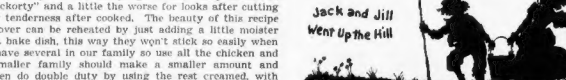
"First select from 1 to 2 pounds of the tender leaves and tiny buds. Clean and wash thoroughly. Cook in a covered kettle in plenty of salted water until tender. Drain. Now chop up about 8 strips of beef in a skillet and brown with 2 tablespoons minced onion. Be sure not to get the onion too brown. In a small bowl mix the following:

1 heaping tablespoon flour 2 tablespoons water
2 tablespoons sugar ¼ cup vinegar
1 egg (beaten) 1 cup thin cream (sweet or sour)

"Mix well and pour over browned beef and onion. Stir constantly. Cook until thickened. Vinegar and sugar may vary according to taste. Now put greens in draining and blend well. Garnish with slices of hard cooked eggs. These are delicious when served with fresh fried potatoes and fried ham."

Mrs. Kreitzer, we share your enthusiasm for dandelion greens. It is surprising to know that they are so delicious in many of our cities and towns. They grow so easily and are so delicious it seems that there would be a surplus in dandelion farms. We like your recipe very much and imagine that many of our readers will enjoy it too—Mary Lee Swann.

Fourth Century Greek Vegetable Peddlers Had to Be Walking Recipe Books. The Law Compelled Them to Tell Buyers Several Ways of Preparing the Food They Sold.



WATERCRESS SOUP

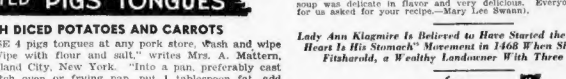
A FINE START TO A NOURISHING MEAL
"HERE is a soup that is wonderful for anyone," writes Marie Perry, New Bedford, Mass. "But is especially good for invalids and convalescents. My mother has always made it according to this recipe:

1 quart water 2 pound pieces of beef shank 1 tablespoon salt 4 medium potatoes

"Trim and wipe shank, place in water and simmer about four hours or until well done. Skim the top and add water to make quart as it boils away. Add peeled potatoes cut in quarters. Pick over and wash watercress and add either chopped or whole as you prefer. When potatoes are done take out and mash. Return to kettle and bring to a boil. Serve."

(Marie Perry, I share your enthusiasm for watercress in almost any form. I was fortunate enough to get very fresh, crisp watercress. We strained and skinned the beef stock before adding the potatoes and the soup was delicious in flavor and very delicious. Everyone who sampled it for us asked for your recipe—Mary Lee Swann.)

Lady Ann Klagmore is Believed to Have Started the "Way to a Man's Heart is His Stomach" Movement in 1468 When She Would George Fitzharden, a Wealthy Landowner With Three Meals Daily.



PRUNE PICKLES

A DIFFERENT WAY TO PREPARE THEM.
"HERE is a recipe that I discovered when I was very much in the need of some pickles to go with a dinner one time," writes Mrs. H. C. Wick, Bellingham, Washington. "Every-one enjoyed them greatly and suggested that I send the recipe to you."

1 cup vinegar (not strong) 1 pound prunes
1 cup sugar 1 teaspoon cloves
1 cup water 1 teaspoon cinnamon

"Wash prunes well. Combine all of the ingredients then place over heat and bring to a boil. Remove from the heat and cool, then return to the heat and bring to a boil a second time. Do not boil."

"Mrs. Wick says that because it is a variation to our collection of emergency pickles, it is an inexpensive and easy recipe. This delicious prune pickle adds new interest to the prune menu and will please many housekeepers, we believed—Mary Lee Swann.)

Note: The Winner of a \$5 Prize in No Way Disqualified From Winning Another. If Your Recipe Has Been Published in the Almanack But You Have Another Equally as Good, Send It In.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly, Food Editor, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York, N.Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

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FOR SPEEDY DISHWASHING AND SUDS REALLY THICK

LILY WHITE

TRY "Anti-Sneeze" RINSO

IT'S GENTLE! IT'S QUICK!

AUNTY SNEEZE

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I COST LESS THAN 1¢ A DAY FOR DISHES!

GOLLY, DISHES FAIRLY WASH THEMSELVES IN RINSO'S (GENTLY) SUDS. THE GREASE MELTS AWAY SO QUICKLY, AND THERE'S NO CLOUD OF SNEEZY SOAP-DUST FLYING AROUND!

BEHOLD, I'M THROUGH WITH THE DISHES ALREADY, WASN'T THAT FAST? AND YOU SHOULD SEE HOW THEY SPARKLE!

THAT NEW RINSO YOU'RE USING IS A HONEY, MAM! BE REAL GENTLE, TOO... CAUSE YOUR HANDS FEEL SMOOTH AS SILK!

These grease-cutting suds make glasses, silver shine

"Rinso makes even hard water feel soft and velvety through and through. But there's nothing fishy-washy about Rinso suds. They're real husky, have plenty of spunk. Even crusty-on food bits come off mighty quick when Rinso gets to work. And, how it makes silver shine!"

"You can't top New 'Anti-Sneeze' Rinso for the weekly wash. In tub or wash, it gets clothes *sharper* whiter than many old-type soaps. And Rinso is 98% free of sneezy soap-dust; it keeps pesky sneezing spells, too. Smart women use TWO boxes: one for the wash, one for dishes."

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TODAY, more than ever, it is every housewife's duty to protect the health of her family. Hygienic cleaning of home "danger zones" where germs may lurk is vital to home health defense. Clorox disinfects and deodorizes in routine cleaning of drainboards, sinks, refrigerators, china, glassware, dishcloths, floors, garbage receptacles, washbasins, toilet bowls, bathtubs and other household "danger zones," let Clorox provide added health protection in kitchen, bathroom and laundry. Simply follow directions on the label.

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One of the many advantages of Zemo on skin and scalp is that it's such a clean, stainless, invisible liquid. Apply anytime—it won't show on skin. Over 25,000,000 packages sold. First trial convenient! 5¢, 60¢, \$1.00. At all drugstores.

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WHEN YOUR FEET HURT, YOU HURT ALL OVER! ITCHING, BURNING, FINGER, ITCHING, PAINFUL, FEET OR CORNS AND CALLOUSES PUT LINES IN YOUR FACE.

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GET PROMPT RELIEF WITH EFFICIENT, SOOTHING JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP. SOFTENS CORNS AND CALLOUSES.

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—gives Any New Color to Clothes You Already Own!

Here's a colorful way to be thrifty! A mere few cents for Tintex makes faded dresses, undershirts and curtains fresh, sparkling again—in bright Spring colors that please the eye and gladden the heart! Used by millions of women, Buy Tintex today—will keep morale up and expenses down! 10¢ and 15¢ at drug, dept. and 10¢ stores.

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Get the FULL FLAVOR of these wonderful Chocolate Orange Crunchies

MAKING 'EM WITH PURER SPRY. YOU'LL TASTE THE DIFFERENCE

AUNT JENNY SAYS

Spry

YESTER, Spry makes a world of difference, to my way of thinking! Ordinary shortening may smother the taste of the other ingredients but purer Spry lets their FULL rich flavor come through. I'd hate to think of you may be 'lost' some of the temptin' taste of the orange chocolate in these cookies; no make 'em with Spry as be sure of getting their FULL flavor.

Like praise? Here's how to get it!

"Change to Spry for all your baking" and you'll see how you ever had such compliments on your cookies before. Spry gives such tender, light, nutcrust perfect—such crisp, delicate-tasting, digestible frost foods—such light, velvety, FULL FLAVOR cakes. These wonderful cakes save you money, too, for Spry costs just about half what expensive cake shortening does! Get Spry now as a surprise your folks with these temptin' cookies today."

Almanack Echoes

FOR all letters printed in this column The American Weekly will pay \$5. A prize winning recipe is awarded \$5, the same as on the Almanack page. Be sure to write your name and address plainly and use one side of the paper only.

The shorter the letters the better. None should be more than 200 words. Address them to The American Weekly, Housewife's Food Almanack, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17.

CANNING MEAT FOR HOME USE

By MRS. HENRY J. HUARD, Cluquet, Minnesota.

NOW is the time that every good American housewife turns her thoughts to defense. The conservation man told me that farm housewives like myself could best do their share by raising chickens, pigs, etc., for meat for their own use and canning the surplus for the Summer months so that it won't be necessary for them to buy meat from the store which should go to the city housewife. He also urged the planting of a large garden and canning the vegetables it yields.

I think it is asking very little of us and that we should go into it wholeheartedly. I have, in years past, figured out different ways to "put up" meat and ways in which canned meat can be served so as not to become monotonous. These recipes are original and have not appeared in print, but I thought that the other housewives would maybe like to share them with me because I have always had success with meat-canning and serving canned meat.

CANNED GOULASH

Boil 10 pounds ground beef for 15 minutes. Add 1 ounce Mexican chili powder, 7 tablespoons salt and a small piece of garlic. Heat to boiling point. Pack in jars, cover with your favorite jar pressure and process 60 minutes in pressure cooker at 15 pounds or

240 minutes in oven at 250 degrees. When serving, to each quart of meat add 1 pint of canned kidney beans, 1 can of spaghetti in tomato sauce and 1 pint of your home-made chili sauce, 3 onions, chopped and fried till light brown. Heat thoroughly. This is a very good dish and should be tried.

SIMPLE RECIPES FOR INVALIDS

By MRS. J. A. REGAN, Newport, N. H.

Caring for the sick a large part of the work in preparing tempting meals that are also "what the doctor ordered." These recipes have been passed down in our family.

GRUEL—CORNMEAL

Cornmeal gruel is made by adding 2 tablespoons of cornmeal to a cup of cold water. Stir well. Add a pint (2 cups) of boiling water and put in the top of a double boiler. Add a pinch of salt and let cook gently for at least forty-five minutes. Milk can be used and is more nourishing. A thinner or thicker gruel can be made by adding more or less water when preparing it.

GRUEL—OATMEAL

Oatmeal gruel is made by adding 4 tablespoons of oatmeal to a pint and a half of water or milk and a pinch of salt.

CHICKEN BROTH

Remove the skin from one-half a good-sized chicken. Pour over it 4 cups of cold water. Add a pinch of salt and 1 tablespoon of rice. Cover closely and let simmer two hours or until meat is tender. Cool, remove fat and heat again when serving. A bit of chopped parsley can be added for color but grandmother never used it.

ALMANACK CHARTS

The following helpful charts will be sent on receipt of a 3-cent stamp for each:

- 19 Almanack Casserole Recipes
- 21 Almanack Potato Recipes
- 21 Almanack Candy Recipes
- 18 Famous Almanack Recipes
- 18 Almanack Cookie Recipes
- 21 New England Recipes
- Highlights of Cooking History
- Favorite Mexican Recipes
- Favorite Pie Recipes
- Favorite Cake Recipes
- Favorite Bread & Roll Recipes
- Favorite Hot Dish Recipes
- 20 Delicious Vegetable Recipes
- Write your name and address plainly.

ALMANACK RECIPES DEPT., THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, 539 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

My Helper

Once upon a time—before the Almanack—My talented as a cook displayed a mighty lack. My repertoire was limited. My technique was no praise! Indeed, as a Kitchen Queen I flopped in many ways.

The compliments now, which I've begun to win, showered down upon me by all my kith and kin. Are really something super; my meals folks love and sigh. And I find fun in doing what once caused me to sigh.

Thanks to the Almanack's many hints, its tips and recipes, I've learned to turn out menus that definitely please. My folks are now much happier—their health is better too—So, to the priceless Almanack—I bow, and say, "Thank you!"

Don Chapman
Los Angeles, California

BEEF TEA

Three-quarter pound of beef with the fat removed. Cut in tiny dice. Cover with cold water. Bring to a boil slowly and let cook about ten minutes. Strain, season to taste with salt.

MOTHER'S CRACKER SPECIAL

Use the large old-fashioned crackers that can be split open. Allow two crackers for an ordinary serving. Dip each cracker in boiling water for a few seconds and place on a hot plate. Dot with butter and pour over all a few tablespoons of hot cream or top milk. Soft-boiled egg is nice dropped on these crackers.

(Mrs. Regan, all of the recipes you find in the Almanack are of the sort such as beef tea and chicken broth, which are favorites. Every Almanack should be familiar with these fine, basic recipes for making for a sick person or convalescent—Stacy Lee Regan.)

Perfect Salad-dition!



New Salad Zest—

with deep-sea flavor of CANNED SHRIMP

CANNED SHRIMP ARE RICH IN VITAL FOOD VALUES!

Canned Shrimp Nutrition Score

VITAMIN A	PROTEINS
VITAMIN D	IODINE
MINERALS	Calcium, Iron, Copper

SHRIMP CANNERS NATIONAL ADVERTISING ASSN.
Do not buy any other brand of shrimp unless it is labeled "CANNED SHRIMP" and "CANNED SHRIMP" is printed on the label. Do not buy any other brand of shrimp unless it is labeled "CANNED SHRIMP" and "CANNED SHRIMP" is printed on the label.

12 Days from Today your HANDS can be LOVELIER!

Do women give your hands "that look"?

Why be embarrassed because your hands are rough and red from using strong soaps in the dishpan? Show your friends smoother, whiter hands within 12 days. Change from strong washday soap to baby's own complexion, soap . . . mild, safe New Ivory Soap.

Change to IVORY

and see how fast New Ivory romps through your dishes, even in hard water. And see how soon your hands respond to New Ivory's milder-than-ever care—feeling smoother, looking lovelier within 12 days from today!

NEW VELVET-SUDS IVORY

SAVES HANDS—SPEEDS DISHES

Thriftily, too! About 1¢ a day—that's all it costs with safe New Ivory. Mighty little money, isn't it, for having hands you're proud of after speeding through dishes! Get 3 big bars now . . . and save!

99% PURE . . . IT FLOATS

The American Weekly Patterns

3436

3437

3310

3408

Pattern 3436—It's going to be a Fall Season, so stitch up this pretty version with bodice gath-

ers and gay banding! Designed for junior miss sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17. Size 13 requires 1 1/2 yards 35-inch fabric and 4 yards brad.

Pattern 3437—It's going to be a Jacket Frock season, too! The newest way to slim-and-stender figure flattery! Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36, dress and bolero-fabric, requires 3 1/2 yards 35-inch fabric; bolero, 1 1/2 yards contrast.

Pattern 3408—Voted the most popular Home Frock style is this button-front—because it doubles as a sport frock, too. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 35-inch fabric.

Pattern 3310—You can crochet these smart necklaces in no time at all in shiny gimp! Necklaces and matching bracelet and belt cost very little to make, too—so you can have a set to match each frock! Pattern 3310 contains directions for making jewelry; illustrations of it and stitches; material requirements.

PRICE OF EACH PATTERN 15¢ (Plus One Cent in Cover Cost of Mailing)

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly: SIZES, PATTERN NUMBERS, YOUR NAME, STREET, ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15¢ (plus one cent to cover cost of mailing) for each pattern.

A fashion page for every one in the exciting new American Weekly pattern leaflet! Eight pages of smart, easy-to-sew styles for tots, teenies, miss and matron. Send three cents and this sewing success story is yours. Address all orders to:

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 635 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.



The magnificent CULLINAN DIAMOND—3,025½ carats—the greatest diamond the world has ever seen. Flawless—of the finest blue-white color—and three times as large as any other diamond ever discovered. Shown here as if cut as a single jewel.

There has *NEVER* been another!

The world has marveled at many famous diamonds. The Excelsior. The Great Mogul. The Koh-i-noor. The exquisite, romantic Hope diamond.

But they all pale into insignificance beside that stupendous gem, the CULLINAN DIAMOND.

The world has never seen its like. Matchless in beauty and quality—and 6,000 times larger than the diamond in an ordinary engagement ring! Weight, 3,025½ carats—between 1 and 2 pounds.

Like the Cullinan Diamond, THE AMERICAN WEEKLY overwhelms some people by the sheer tremendous magnitude of its influence and power.

A magazine distributed every week from coast to coast, through 20 great Sunday newspapers, into more than 7,323,000 homes is really staggering!

Advertisers have learned by experience that when it is a question of performing some task too big and too difficult for an ordinary publication; when they want to electrify a whole sales force—open thousands of new outlets for their products—pull in greater numbers of coupons than ever before, at lower cost—nothing can compare in effectiveness with one or more BIG COLOR PAGES in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. But

some of them have not yet brought themselves to the bold step of utilizing this Cullinan Diamond among publications week by week and every week of the year.

Yet if a single insertion in this mighty medium can be depended upon to produce advertising miracles—it is easy to visualize what a continuous schedule will do.

A cycle of BIG COLOR PAGES in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY—or a continuous schedule of black-and-white space interspersed with smaller color units or with BIG COLOR PAGES—constitutes today the biggest single force known in advertising. For example:

The Sayman Products Company, of St. Louis, manufacturers of Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap, started advertising in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY in 1939 and used eight 28-line advertisements. In 1940 the schedule was increased to 14 insertions of 28 lines each! In 1941 there were 23 advertisements of 60 lines each and for 1942 the Sayman Products Company has placed its order for 30 insertions of 60 lines each, a total expenditure for the year of \$18,900 in this one publication.

From an expenditure of \$2,128 in 1939 to an amount in 1942 which exceeds the cost of a BIG COLOR PAGE is an enviable record for any publication. But it is not surprising, for THE AMERICAN WEEKLY carries the ad-

vertiser's message to the greatest mass market in the world—at the lowest cost.

It carries with it, editorially, an emotional impact, an impressiveness and power, which no multiplication of lesser media can equal. The world is full of small diamonds, but it takes a Cullinan Diamond to write itself indelibly in the imagination of the people.

A little radio advertising; a little in magazines; a little in newspapers; a little in outdoor advertising—can quickly dissipate even a large advertising appropriation without gaining supremacy anywhere.

But by concentrating the dollars—by using the unrivaled power of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY to deliver the message continuously—even in space units no greater than 28 lines—to an audience of over 7,323,000 families—with one impact—advertisers with limited appropriations have again and again achieved major results.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY has a new presentation, showing where the dollars are NOW! . . . where these dollars can be reached most economically NOW! It's worth the time of any executive to listen to the story of "THE ADVERTISING DOLLAR."

THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World WEEKLY

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Main Office: 959 Eighth Avenue, New York City

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